JOHN BULL, week ending Sept. 26, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1893

3D EVERY THURSDAY

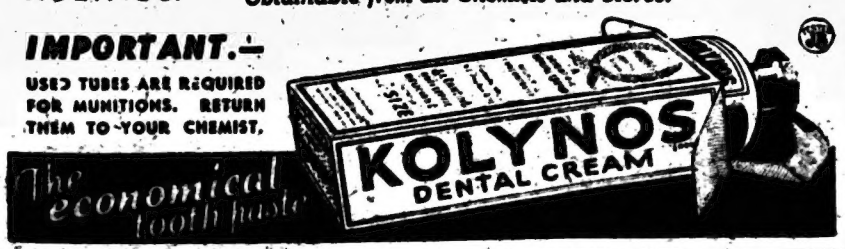
BULLDOGS AND THE CURS by the EDITOR

BOYS WHO KILL NAZI SEA-HAWKS

HITLER'S EUROPE THIS WINTER By A.G.G.

Aptly described as an Empire Arsenal and an Empire Larder, Canada has also played the role of fairy godmother to many children evacuated from their homes in Gt. Britain. We may be quite sure that in acquiring new habits they will be encouraged to develop those instilled by their parents: washing behind their ears, for example, and cleaning their teeth night and morning—with KOLYNOS. *Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.*

IMPORTANT.— USED TUBES ARE REQUIRED FOR MUNITIONS. RETURN THEM TO YOUR CHEMIST.



SOAP AND FUEL SAVED BY NEW WARTIME WASHING METHOD

No Boiling or Hard Rubbing—1½ Hours saved!

NEXT Monday, try doing your wash by the special wartime method that the Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories have worked out.

It will make your soap coupons go farther and it will also save coal, gas, or electricity—whichever you use for heating your water. Here's what you do:

HALF THE WATER

Use the hot water as it comes from the hot tap but run only *half* as much as you'd normally use. Then take *two-thirds* of the amount of Rinso you used to use, make up a lather with it, and put your whites to soak in the suds for *12 minutes only*.

The suds should just cover the clothes when they're well pressed down.

SAME SUDS

After the whites have soaked, wash them through and rinse in the usual way. Then put your coloureds to soak for 12 minutes in the same suds.

You'll be surprised to find how nice your clothes look although you've washed them all in such a small amount of suds.

RINSO SAVING

The actual saving of Rinso by this method is one-third of what you normally use. That's a saving of one packet of Rinso in every three you buy! The fuel-saving is very worth-while, too. You see, you don't light the copper and you need such a very little hot water.

Best of all for the busy housewife is the *quickness* of this method. An average wash takes an hour-and-a-half less time than usual. It's easy, too. There's no hard rubbing to do—the things soak clean while you do other jobs. Now do try it out for yourself next washday!

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. The 3½d. packet takes one coupon; the 7d. size, two.

WAR-WORK MOTHER DOES WASHING WEDNESDAY NIGHT

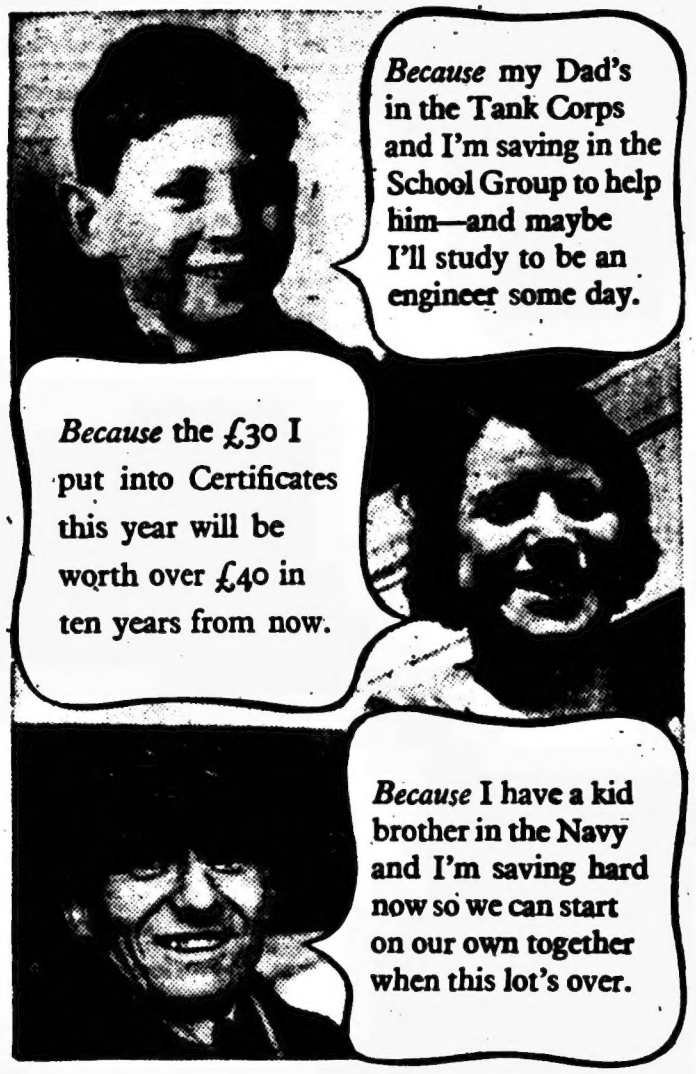
Mrs. Bradley, mother of three boys and with a husband at home, works from 8 a.m. till 7.30 p.m. wiring bomb-racks. But everything gets done in the house, too — even the family wash which she tackles Wednesday nights. "I use the Rinso wartime method because it saves me soap coupons and gas," says Mrs. Bradley.

B3155-424 R. S. Hudson Limited

WHY I BUY

NATIONAL

SAVINGS CERTIFICATES


Because my Dad's in the Tank Corps and I'm saving in the School Group to help him—and maybe I'll study to be an engineer some day.
Because the £30 I put into Certificates this year will be worth over £40 in ten years from now.
Because I have a kid brother in the Navy and I'm saving hard now so we can start on our own together when this lot's over.

3% **DEFENCE BONDS.** *When you reach the limit of 500 Certificates you should invest your further savings in 3% DEFENCE BONDS—£5 each. They can be bought by instalments—through your Savings Group or the Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks.*

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

"It's a marvel to me how you keep your shoes looking so smart now there's a shortage of polish."

"It's easy old chap. A little 'Cherry Blossom' one day and a good brush up the next and they come up almost as bright as ever."

Rub In Zam-Buk Nightly

Nine-tenths of all foot troubles being due to neglect, you cannot overestimate the importance of looking after your feet. To make certain of all-day foot comfort, bathe feet in warm water each night and dry thoroughly. Then rub Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, soles, insteps, and under and between the toes.

Zam-Buk contains fine medicinal oils that quickly take away pain and tiredness. It soothes and heals chafing, soreness and blisters, softens corns and hard skin and brings happy care-free feet.

Zam-Buk

GET A BOX TO-DAY

FOOD FACTS

Who would have dared to prophesy that after three years of war the country would be fitter than it was before? Yet that is the plain truth, the war-winning truth, proved by the Ministry of Health's reports. And it's thanks very largely to "Dr. Diet"!

The Country is in training

If you are not fighting-fit like the others perhaps you "laughed off" carrots when you were advised to eat them. *This* time, don't break the training-rules! Eat your full ration of cheese, more potatoes and plenty of green vegetables. So that when people say "How are you?" you will be able to answer "*Fighting* fit!"

BAKED CHEESE POTATOES

Ingredients: 4 large potatoes, 2 oz. cheese. *Method:* Wash the potatoes and bake in a moderate oven until tender. Split in half and serve with a slice of cheese or a thick layer of grated cheese in each.

CHEESE—AS YOU LIKE IT

You'll get the best out of your extra cheese ration if you keep it this way. First wipe the cheese all over with a butter or margarine paper. Then wrap the cheese in butter muslin or a piece of thin cloth with a lump of sugar and hang in a cool place.

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NATIONAL MILK AND VITAMIN SCHEMES

Authorities for National Milk and Vitamins have been extended to November 30th.

National Dried Milk permits expire September 27th. If children are still eligible their permits should be renewed, or if children are no longer eligible application should be made for liquid milk authorities.

Expectant mothers must obtain new medical certificates for milk when their existing ones expire.

Additional Vitamin coupons will be issued to all beneficiaries. Parents and guardians should call at their local Food Offices to collect the new pages, taking with them the old (4th edition) Ration Books containing the existing coupons and authorities.

Apple and Blackberry Roly

Cooking time: 30 minutes. **Quantity:** Four helpings. **Ingredients:** POTATO PASTRY 4 oz. mashed cooked potatoes, ½ teaspoonful of salt, 4 oz. plain flour, 2 oz. cooking fat, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. FILLING 1 lb. cooking apples, ½ lb. blackberries, 2 oz. sugar. **Method:** Mix flour, baking powder, salt. Rub fat into flour. Add potato, preferably cold, and rub in lightly. Mix to a very dry dough with cold water. Knead well. Roll out into an oblong shape. Peel, core and chop apples, wash blackberries. Spread apples and blackberries on the pastry, sprinkle with sugar and roll up. Seal ends of roll, place on a well-greased tin and bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15.

How are you? FIGHTING fit, thanks!

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 115

BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER
Makes light of cooking
The Best in the World

Walker's "Palm" Toffee
Control Price 5D PER QUARTER
DELIGHTS STRENGTHENS SUSTAINS

★ *The safe & certain cure for* HEADACHE

Cephos DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Cephos :. not just a single drug but the prescription of an eminent Harley St. Physician. Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form, 1/3, 3/-. Single dose 2d.

Sorry Madam!
We apologise for the present shortage. Rationing of materials has enforced it. We try to distribute fairly what we do make, so keep asking your grocer until his stock arrives.
HARLEQUIN
SPONGE PUDDINGS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 26, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

POOL TOOLS!

There's supposed to be a shortage of tools essential to war industry.

But no such shortage exists.

Actually, if every firm on war work could have access to a national pool of tools, or some sort of national lease-lend was operated, almost every need could be satisfied.

What happens is that Firm A, unable to get tools to begin a job to-morrow, supposes there are none available.

It may not know that Firm B has been acquiring those tools for a job not due to start for six months!

Or that Firm C stocked itself with such tools a year ago, has no need for them at the moment, but is hoarding them for possible future use.

All these manufacturers get lists from the Ministry of Supply telling what tools are being sought.

But, in the interests of what they regard as business efficiency, they keep what they've got.

We say, however, that *national* efficiency comes first. The tools should go round.

The Ministry of Supply must stop the hoarding.

Straight from the Shoulder

CALL TO ACTION!

THERE'S a snap in the air, quickening our step, bringing a glow to our cheeks.

And, let us hope, stirring us to a more determined quest for victory.

For it comes from bruised, bleeding but undaunted Russia across the oppressed countries to *you*.

A message that her old, well-tried friend Winter has arrived. A message —and a call.

Use Every Hour

A call to greater action. Let every east wind that blows keep us reminded of it.

We mustn't sink into a winter sleep thinking that the Monster's tentacles are frozen.

Strength will come to the loathsome thing again in the Spring.

We must use every hour to the best advantage if we are to be its master then.

Fighting Weather

And we have more to do than just *prepare*.

A. G. Gardiner tells you on another page what the fourth war winter means to Hitler's Europe.

But remember that it won't be winter weather everywhere.

The Japs still fan out—promising themselves that the good months are ahead.

And the desert will know no winter.

Hustling Rommel

Confidence is high throughout all the Services engaged in the Mediterranean theatre.

They know they have a big job. The wily Rommel still hopes to produce surprises.

But we can trust them to give the enemy no peace there.

All Pull Together

But where's that United Strategy which should be providing the men, the materials, the plan, and any necessary diversions to deal Rommel a really crushing blow?

If two divisions fail, Hitler uses five. If they fail, ten.

When the United Nations think and act as one—and not until—we can play that game in the Mediterranean, and sweep Rommel's armies into its blue waters.

Jap Offensive

There's no winter weather in the Pacific, where, after America's inspiring Midway and Solomons victories, the Japanese take the offensive again.

While the yellow tide seeks to sweep towards Port Moresby we have big armies awaiting defensively elsewhere.

Why? Because United Strategy is lacking.

Given it, we'll feel more confident about the assurance of General Blamey, C.-in-C. there, that Port Moresby will hold.

India Awaits—What!

Then 100,000 new, fresh Japanese troops move towards Rangoon.

To attack India? Make no mistake, however that question proves to be answered, Japan is attacking India *now*.

By methods well tried by Hitler.

By seeking to produce internal disintegration. Force of arms will come later.

Liberator!

There'll be no snow to help us in India.

The United Nations have got to see that she is defended by an unconquerable army and air force.

And, to secure a maximum of co-operation from India herself, we have got to show up as the lie it is the Japanese claim that she would come as a liberator!

Produce a Government

And we must tell India at once: Produce a responsible and truly representative national government, and we shall hand over.

There are Indian leaders ready to undertake the task. Their numbers grow every week.

Let them negotiate with the jailed Congressmen—to whom we have made no advance on the Cripps proposals — and their numbers will grow still more.

All We Ask

The place for every Congress leader prepared to resist Jap aggression is *outside* prison bars in such an independent government as we suggest.

For all we would ask of that government would be: "Help defend *ee* India." We wouldn't concern ourselves with its politics.

Tell the jailed leaders that. Open the prison gates to those who don't want Jap domination. They will be many.

Bigger, Offener

Winter will curb the U-boats a bit, but we mustn't be complacent.

Hitler will be putting everything he's got into building them faster.

So we must make our already terrific raids on his shipyards bigger and oftener.

U-boats must have no peace from the day they are keel-plates.

Keep Routes Busy

And winter is our chance to carry vast cargoes in greater safety.

Stack the ships with *vital* things. Bring whatever is essential to the war effort from the nearest possible source.

Turn ships still quicker. Build them faster. Design for *war* traffic—not peace cruises.

And, most emphatically, keep the routes to Russia humming.

Your Part

We can all help to send everything that is wanted to where it is wanted while winter tames the U-boats.

More from the factories—although most of you are already as proud of exhaustion as a soldier of medals.

Waste nothing. Buy nothing non-essential. Sell or give whatever you don't want to somebody who does want it.

All this fills ships' holds!

Sardine Cities

And the Ministry of Production must get busy relocating war industries.

One of our early mistakes was to over-concentrate them in congested industrial districts.

It doesn't make for safety, efficiency or the comfort of the workers.

We may hear the word "Impossible!" but Russia carried out bigger moves while the enemy was hammering hard.

Call for Boldness

Some areas are turning out the wrong stuff. We must move whole plants if necessary.

Then we are still trying to cram new factories into districts already saturated.

It's all keeping production down.

The Production Ministry must give us bold, sweeping changes, as Russia did—not fiddling improvisations.

Don't Waste Skill!

And it must grant more initiative and authority to its new regional production boards, of whom we hear too little.

They should be busy ensuring there is no waste of precious industrial skill anywhere, as there so often is in small workshops on sub-sub-contracting—and no labour shortages here, surpluses there.

Nothing but complete and 100 per cent. efficient industrial mobilisation will suffice to give us victory.

Contradiction

Yet the Government, while appealing to people to travel less, still posts workers and men and women in uniform as far from their homes as possible.

It's natural they should want to go home sometimes. That means packed trains.

The big new campaign to bring hundreds of thousands of volunteers into the women's services will be far more successful if women are told they can serve as near home as is reasonably possible.

That "Target"

But let them be told simply, directly, plainly.

They'd be responding better to appeals to save coal and light if asked in that way, not fogged as they have been with statistics and diagrams.

Government departments have still to learn that they can get surprising results by telling the public what is wanted and how it can help in few and understandable words.

Nazis Will Not Sleep

And we want *everything* in the way of results this winter.

For whatever happens in Russia, we may be sure that the Nazis will be working more feverishly than ever for the Spring.

Knowing what is at stake, our effort must eclipse theirs.

(Continued overleaf)

WIDOW'S LETTER TO "JOHN BULL"

"Your very prompt action in my case has done away with any money worries."—*So writes Mrs. H. Tanner of 210 Fishponds Road, Eastville, Bristol, in acknowledging cheque paid to her by "John Bull" following the death of her husband in a recent daylight raid on Bristol.*

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary registration Forms on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MEANWHILE, the fight goes on for a new social order after the war.

Look out for the Beveridge Report on Social Insurance, due in a few weeks.

It will make revolutionary proposals. The We-Can't-Afford-It politicians will oppose it hotly—certain vested interests as well.

For the idea will be to insure every worker from the cradle to the grave!

People's Charter

It will suggest financial provision against all the major misfortunes of life for about 3s. a week—sickness, injury at work, unemployment, and much more.

And better provision for old age. Even burial benefit.

Child endowment, too. Sufficient to please advocates of 5s. a week family allowance for each child, payable to the mother, and with no means tests.

Reform Will Come

The Report will be the most important domestic document yielded during the war.

Watch for these reforms. Sooner or later—and not so late, whatever the obstructionists do or say—they will come about.

Every important section of public opinion not concerned with private axe-grinding favours them.

Snowball Fund

Then the Unemployment Fund will be a gigantic after-the-war nest-egg for workers.

Every penny of the £115,000,000 it borrowed in the depression years has been paid off. And the balance in hand is now about £100,000,000.

Think how it grows, with so many people working and so few unemployed.

And resolve: "Every penny must be for the people to whom it belongs."

Disharmony

We want to see social betterment on a world scale—and our trade union leaders should be in the U.S. at this moment conferring with their American half-sections.

And would have been if the feud between the rival American trade union confederations, plus a bit of meddling by British officials in the States, hadn't scotched the idea.

Send Right Men!

Prime aim of such a meeting, of course, would be to teach our cousins "over there" something about our immense industrial effort—not to tread on political corns.

Let the T.U.C. open its own information offices in America—and send homely school - tie - less men the Americans will gladly listen to.

For our official spokesmen there always seem to say the wrong thing in the wrong way.

Stop This Waste!

Having cut his domestic lighting down, a London reader went to a theatre.

When the 100-light central chandelier was switched on the glare pretty well blinded him.

Yet every part of the theatre was festooned with decorative three-bulb holders with all the bulbs blazing as if every night were Armistice night.

He went on to a highly gilded restaurant where they blinded him again, although the bulbs, being sunk deep in decorations, were robbed of half their power.

Favours for Florists

Other examples of waste detected by "sleuth" readers:

Foolscap given to school-children for twenty-line essays. Reams of best tissue paper in the florists', although none at the baker's.

Pacifist literature showering through letter-boxes.

And "Go-to-it" slogans, on celluloid and paper, put in the wage-packets of people working their damnedest.

Longest Way Round

And our sailor readers tell us of waste at sea.

Cargoes going from one British port to another, and which could go direct, are taken by lorry, barge, train, ship and finally lorry again—for no apparent reason.

Ships unload and then travel empty to another port when they might carry cargo.

Science and Seeds

There'll be great news, soon, from agricultural scientists.

British, American and Soviet experts have been having a race to perfect a process which, to mention just one result of many, should make Britain independent of foreign wheat.

And JOHN BULL understands our own experts have won by what might prove to be a very short head.

Sun Does It

The process, known as vernalisation, entails sunlight treatment of seeds before planting.

It will make it possible to grow corn in the coldest and most unfertile parts of the world—right up to the Arctic Circle.

The Highlands of Scotland will be able to give us the grain we have to buy from countries thousands of miles away—which, to you, will mean cheaper bread.

Down in the Dumps

Meanwhile, isolated villages wonder why they can't give us the waste rubber and scrap iron we want so badly.

Nobody calls for *their* dumps.

Here is a chance for idle Army transport.

For it is because transport is so costly that salvage in more remote districts lies uncollected.

Centralise!

Some people blame the salvage people at the Ministry of Supply, some the local council.

The fact is waste rubber is controlled at 27s. 6d. a ton, and a big lorry can only carry about two tons of old tyres.

Whoever buys it on the spot is bound to lose, which is often true of iron, too.

Taken to central dumps by Service vehicles, the stuff would soon be processed for reclamation.

Turned Down

But things are moving in the factories where our new cargo 'planes are to be built.

Production stage is likely to be reached in record time.

However, it won't make up for the lost years.

Transport-Expert Instone suggested cargo 'planes in 1939, submitted designs still regarded as excellent—was turned down by Whitehall with: "Your proposition is uneconomic!"

Still Waiting

And we still get evidence of Ministry of Pensions dilatoriness.

A Hayes (Middlesex) soldier discharged on disablement got his first money after three weeks, while the special boots granted him on January 28 and self-propelling chair on May 14 have still not arrived!

War's Worst Man

We hope the police put all the energy they devote to a murder-hunt into their quest for the worst impostor of the war.

He calls on the families of men reported missing, says they are safe after all and that he has official approval to send on to them any money handed to him.

He has been "working" Liverpool district recently, and, having acquired an Army uniform, finds it easier to break hearts for shillings.

A German Dictates

And we want energetic action in regard to a house owned by a German sent to Canada for internment.

A munition-maker was moving in with his family, after months of searching for accommodation, when he was told: "Sorry, but the owner bars children."

We are assured by the worker concerned that he doesn't mind losing the property so long as the council packs it to the roof with recalcitrant boys!

Miss Dodger

Biggest woman-power problem of the moment is finding recruits for the women's uniformed services.

No matter how successful the drive to bring Servicemen's wives in as volunteers, the shortage will remain acute.

So something *must* be done about the young, single dodgers.

Her Machine

We hear of a pretty young clerk who was put on an adding machine for a few days—when she was registering.

"Register yourself as a machine manipulator," advised her boss.

She did, and, the firm being on war work, will not be called up, although she no longer touches that machine she doesn't understand.

Pleading Faces

Many employers are hiding girls away from the Services because they like to see them around—or out of a mistaken sense of chivalry.

They wouldn't think of hiding an Army deserter in their garrets!

Then search of the luxury and semi-luxury shops and trades would yield a quarter of a million young girls whose work could be done by older women.

Tardy Payers

Meanwhile, a lot of the work of rebuilding bombed houses remains undone, although properly authorised.

Builders say they can't get the money out of the War Damage Commission—are owed big sums already, and have no more capital to sink.

So you'll soon be seeing the spectacle of new houses being built while old ones, needing just a few pounds spent on them, remain uninhabitable.

Behind the News

- **Still unable to find enough warm clothing for Eastern Front winter, Nazis are threatening death penalty for failure to hand in all but minimum clothing allowed each individual.**
- *German soldiers have subscribed £10,000,000 to Winter Help Fund to help civilians facing a winter without coal, warm clothes and other necessities.*
- Truth behind Nazi admission of serious trouble in Bulgaria is Gestapo failure to crush secret organisation pledged to kill all Bulgarian leaders working with Nazis in betraying masses.
- **R.A.F. damage in Western Germany has taken such toll of Rommel's supplies that Laval has been ordered to reserve 50 per cent. of French canal transport facilities for war traffic from Germany to Mediterranean.**
- *Since Russian air raids on Budapest, Hungary has asked Berlin for 500 per cent. better A.A. defence, warns that population throughout the country may panic and production dwindle. But Nazis powerless to help.*
- **Life of Nazi's Paris C.-in-C. Stuelpnagel has been twice attempted recently.**
- *Axis shipping shortage worst since the war began. Crews are scarce still. Germans have been trying to secure controlling interest in Spanish and French shipping companies to have more tonnage under neutral flags.*
- Nazi pilots brought down in Russia report that they have often been forced to make six sorties a day under threat of being sent to bomb England, "whence to-day only one in ten return."
- **Axis hints, soon to be developed into a peace kite, that King Gustav of Sweden is preparing to mediate behind the scenes can be authoritatively denied *now*.**
- *Goebbels peeved because, alone among Nazi leaders, he does not belong to new German ruling class, the S.S. Black Guards. Himmler refuses him membership, not too tactfully tells him he is no blond Teuton giant.*
- Germany, worried about winter food position, plans meatless weeks to follow meatless days. All Germany, papers hint, may soon eat in community kitchens.
- **British air raids create chaos in German cities, due to neglect of air raid precautions. Black Guards have strict orders to suppress all demonstrations of blitzed Germans.**
- *Boys of sixteen are now being recruited for the Reich's Labour Service, front-line pioneers who build roads, railways and munitions dumps along the German front line. Casualties already high.*
- **Lack of scientists hampers German production. Three years of war have yielded hardly one new weapon not developed before the war. But Nazi Press admits Britain has many weapons hitherto unknown.**
- **Hitler has ordered King Michael of Rumania to Russian front to cheer up war-weary Rumanian troops. King's mother, Helen, is worried lest her young son should meet with a similar fate to Horthy, young Deputy Regent of Hungary.**

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

BULLDOGS—and the CURS

IT is said that this is "a people's war," and, no matter what individual politicians may mean by the phrase, the people of these islands believe they are fighting for a great cause.

They are living up to that belief. They have given the lie to the pessimists who said that virtue had gone out of us; that our young men had become too soft and our girls too hard.

The island breed has not changed or weakened. Through desert sandstorms and Atlantic gales, or riding the wild winds to hell and back again, the boys of to-day are true to the spirit of their fathers before them.

And throughout the land ordinary men and women of all ages and in every kind of occupation have shown such steadfast courage and devotion to duty that heroism itself goes continually unrecorded.

Let it never be forgotten, as it *was* so often forgotten after the last war.

We recall one incident. An "Old Contemptible" with a row of ribbons on his tattered jacket was selling "book-matches" on the kerb of a street in the West-end of London.

He was asking a penny each for them, and a customer, wanting a light for his cigar, extended a copper and said, peevishly: "They should be two a penny."

"It's only blokes like me wot are *two* a penny, guv'nor," replied the old soldier, with a grin.

If this is truly the people's war, we must never value heroes and heroines at two a penny again.

Let us rather take pride in the men and women of our own race. Let us for once forget the follies and hesitations of leadership, Party bickerings and private greeds, and renew our faith in the dauntless spirit of Britain.

Listen to this passage from O. D. Gallagher's "Retreat in the East":

Wherever I have seen fighting soldiers . . . I have found few that can stand up to the small-built fighting men from the British Isles.

They are seldom commended, frequently disparaged, but they fight and suffer and die as few other men do.

And then, to choose one brave man among the multitude, let us name William Foster, Boer War veteran, D.C.M. and D.S.O. of the last war, and in this one a Lieutenant of the Home Guard.

Foster was sixty years old. The other day he and his men were at grenade-throwing practice when one grenade struck the top of a bank and rolled back.

"Scatter!" cried Foster, and immediately threw himself upon the bomb. It burst and killed him, but his men were unscathed.

Foster's act of devotion has been matched more than once in this war.

Indeed, for every medal that is given, a hundred are deserved.

But there are others. The Bulldog Breed is not without some curs.

You will find some of them skulking in safety areas to escape even the lightest duty.

You will find, here and there in "essential occupations," young fellows who call themselves men, but who adopted these occupations at the outbreak of war solely to "dodge the column."

Some of them are "farmers" now. They would look down their noses at a simple ploughboy like James Tomlinson, who left his furrows to join the Worcestershire Regiment.

But barely a month ago young Tomlinson and his mates were lying near Acroma in shallow pits with enemy tanks and lorries advancing.

They accounted for the crews of two German lorries, and then, when all their "ammo" was exhausted, young Jimmy was last seen *charging the Germans and using his rifle as a club!*

Moreover, there are farmers and farmers. Gilbert Mitchell and his wife, with nineteen-year-old Grace Harrison as their assistant, have been steadily working the nearest English land to France ever since the war began.

Shells lob over them and bombs fall. Their fields are pitted with craters, and again and again they have tumbled flat beside their tractors under a hail of machine-gun bullets from a Nazi aeroplane.

But they have grown and gardened their crops through it all, and they have saved the fields of their evacuated neighbours. A George Medal and two B.E.M.s is the official recognition of their plain—and, in one sense, "ordinary"—devotion to duty.

What do the curs know about men and women who have this tough, fighting fibre in their souls?

We have seen them "corner" the earth's yield and hold the public to ransom for high prices.

We have watched them wriggle and dodge each fresh price control, and only too seldom we have found them brought before the courts and penalised, too lightly, for their infamous profiteering in their comrades' food.

Make no mistake about it: "The Black Market" is blacker than it has ever been painted. Those who sell in it have neither conscience nor heart, and those who buy are either weaklings or scoundrels.

For every ton of imported food and material which reaches these shores is brought here at the cost of brave men's lives. The gallant men of the Merchant Service have only just been granted the right to fighting decorations, but it earned it long, long ago.

Stoker George Robert Bush did not live to receive his Albert Medal after he had fought his way through scalding steam to report three of his mates trapped below. He died, but his comrades lived.

Meanwhile the curs, no longer able to joy-ride in their own cars, continue to hire *two* taxis to the race meetings, when the distance from the station to the course is over the permitted ten miles.

Heroism is by no means limited to the Fighting Services. It has been displayed by tens of thousands of civilians, old and young.

Hetty Rogers, a Sunderland typist of nineteen, now in the N.F.S., carried on at her station through a savage blitz, and, picking herself up from the débris of a building that was falling about her, calmly reported a direct hit.

And Mrs. Alice Bond, aged 82, emerged from the wreckage of her home on the East Coast and directed the rescue workers to trapped members of her family until at last her valiant, tired old heart collapsed and she died at the post of duty.

Can we be proud of the women of Britain? Aye, truly, but not of all.

For there are curs among them, too—prosperous, purse-proud housewives, who refuse to take in the refugees from stricken towns; lazy and worthless women, who have never done an honest stroke of work either for themselves or their neighbours; selfish and greedy women, who exploit the direst needs of the widow and the orphan child.

HERE we have but touched upon the high courage which keys men and women to gallant action in moments of the utmost peril.

Less spectacular, but not necessarily any less valiant, is the sustained effort of the workers in the factories and the pits; the unflagging zeal of millions, who bring their utmost effort to the job in hand and give ungrudgingly of their spare time and their spare money to the people's cause.

In uniform or out of it, the fighters and the workers of this country have set the Free World a noble example.

JOHN BULL is impelled to pay them tribute here if only as a counter to the disparagers and the critics. And if, by any happy chance, we should also stir the consciences and uplift the faint hearts of the slackers and the wasters, the selfish and the self-deceivers, we shall count the deed well done.

Rather be Dead than a Quisling

THE scene was a military court in Bergen.

Pompous, arrogant German officers tried to display an attitude of affected boredom. They had gathered to pronounce sentence on a Norwegian patriot, Ingvald Garbo, a great writer and Socialist.

★ ★ ★

What he would be allowed to say in his own defence would not count, anyway. The judge, a Nazi colonel, looked at a sheet of paper in front of him. After listening for a minute or two he would simply pronounce the death sentence.

"What do you have to say for yourself?" he snarled at Garbo. "You stand accused of having tried to undermine the morale of the Wehrmacht.

"You have distributed among German soldiers news which you picked up from the London B.B.C. That's high treason, that's sabotage, that's . . !"

But before he could finish, Ingvald Garbo, tall, ascetic, dignified, stood up in the dock. His fiery eyes looked piercingly at his accuser. In a calm, steady voice he began to reply.

The scene in court changed. Garbo had only spoken a few words before a wave of emotion swept through the room. With a sentence he had turned the tables on his judges. Now they seemed to be in dock, listening helplessly to a historic indictment:

"Yes, I have done what you say," declared Garbo. "And I do not regret it!"

Then, as if they could not help themselves it seemed, the German officers listened to a flaming indictment of the Nazi régime. For a quarter of an hour the words poured out.

★ ★ ★

The judge, as soon as he found his composure again, adjourned the Court. He called in a Norwegian lawyer and ordered him to negotiate with Garbo.

If he would only renounce his opposition to the Nazi occupation of Norway, if he would only consent to collaborate with the German military authorities, his life could be spared and he would be released from prison.

The lawyer never guessed that he would go on a hopeless errand. He met Garbo as a man who brought him life and liberty.

★ ★ ★

But it was not the liberty which Garbo saw in his vision of a free world. To him it was life under Hitler, liberty to collaborate with the enemies of mankind. Without hesitation Garbo refused the offer.

It took the Court only two minutes to pronounce death sentence on a man who was prepared to die rather than to be a quisling.

When, during his last hour, he met his wife and children, it was Garbo, upright, undaunted, who had to say words of consolation to his loved ones.

And when they took him away there was grim satisfaction in his clear eyes.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

Big Business in the Balance

I AM no lover of "Big Business." Its besetting sin is selfishness, the exploitation of the many by the few. It is anti-social in its outlook. It resents criticism and interference, however justified or well-intentioned.

It is contemptuous in many ways of the welfare of the people, putting first in its objects the amassing of profits.

* * *

If Dr. Barnes, the Bishop of Birmingham, is right, many others hold opinions similar to mine. In a recent speech he declared: "By an astonishing number of young people the end of the war is eagerly awaited as the beginning of the revolution which will destroy big business.

"Need we have a revolution? Cannot the State quietly take control of all large-scale production and distribution?"

How the State could take such action without staging an economic revolution of the first magnitude is a query at once pertinent and problematical.

But to-day I am not going to dwell on the controversial aspect of State control of industry.

I am more concerned about "Big Business" and its outlook. Even the bitterest enemies of "Big Business" must admit its advantages.

* * *

In its pursuit of profit "Big Business" furthered the advancement of Britain. Scientifically, its chemists and research workers speeded up transport, improved food standards and medicines, and helped greatly in the war on diseases.

Whether such advantages would have been achieved so quickly under State control, with its accompanying horde of red-tapeminded bureaucrats, is a highly debatable question.

And whether State control, as distinct from State supervision, will be a solution to post-war economic troubles is still more debatable.

A lot depends on the men who run "Big Business," the men who run industry on international lines.

I met such a man the other day, and put to him questions about post-war problems and the part he and others like him are prepared to play in planning a better world.

* * *

"In this country, as in America," he said, "there is a sincere desire and determination among the big industrialists to readjust existing inequalities.

"There is a conviction that no man must go hungry; and that world problems of trade, of production, and of consumption must be tackled from the human angle.

"To this end one of the first aims of Anglo-U.S. business must be to raise the standard of living everywhere. After that other difficulties can be overcome."

Despite his statement I feel that "Big Business," with its sins swamping its virtues, cannot exist on its present basis in the world we intend to have.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—You said the other day that big German air raids might soon be resumed.

Then who, in the name of everything that's crazy, is sending highly trained Civil Defence workers from cities where the fire danger is big to remote places where the sound of a siren is never heard?

Many of these men are reaching National Fire Service stations in the loneliest parts of Scotland—as conscripts.

Yet, as volunteers, they have fought fires or done other air raid duties through some of the worst blitzes.

One fully trained man has gone 290 miles to wash floors in a Scottish school. Another, with an experience of sixty-seven raid warnings in a much-attacked town, acts as gate-guard in a quiet town.

Some, unable to understand broad Scots when face to face with the speaker, have been given telephone duties—and have to have messages repeated three or four times before they understand.

And, almost without exception, they have been sent from cities where they are really needed to districts where they are not.

It's a great Service, the N.F.S. Thanks to it, Britain did *not* burn. But it would be dangerous to take too many liberties with it—especially such meaningless ones as this.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES GRIGG, M.P., Secretary of State for War

DEAR SIR,—I happen to know that the War Office has fought hard and long to secure better pay for soldiers and improved allowances for dependants.

I know, too, that they have sought bigger increases than have been granted, but that a niggardly Treasury has stood in the way.

Yet there's so much you could do to beat these Treasury misers—with a little intelligence.

To begin with, refuse to appoint "acting, unpaid N.C.O.s." There's a vast army of them.

What a row there would be if munition factories appointed acting, unpaid foremen!

The Army is choked with these men doing higher duties and not getting a penny piece for the added responsibility.

Then, as far as officers are concerned, there are all the wangles about substantive rank.

Let both officers and men get paid for the job they do, like folk in civil life.

Again, wisely wanting to give the troops legal aid, you give qualified advisers a private's pay—if they happen to be privates when their legal abilities are discovered.

Let these men have the promotion their talents call for—and make the Treasury fork out!

The trouble with all you people who have to fight and win this war is that you kow-tow too much to the penny-counting bankers we call Treasury.—JOHN BULL.

Sir RICHARD HOPKINS, Head of the Civil Service

DEAR SIR,—It is just hard lines that the Civil Service should be considered the biggest funk-hole for the faint-hearted.

For my information shows that thousands of Government workers who want to go into the Services or war factories are being kept out against their will.

They are asked: "How can we spare you when there's more work for you than before the war?"

And it is useless for them to point out that most of the work is of a non-essential kind that can be eliminated in war time, or that antiquated systems are eating up man- or woman-power.

For instance, income tax officials still work among mountains of fat, private dossiers, although nine-tenths of the contents could be handed to salvage in these days of deduction at source.

In some Ministries four or five different offices deal with matters that might be settled quicker by one man.

And in other departments it is often necessary to circulate nine forms when two—three at most—would do.

The truth is that thousands of Civil Servants are having to work long, gruelling hours on work of no real importance, and endure with bitterness the slights on them as "dodgers."

And, in justice to them as well as the country, you should end it.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Minister of Fuel and Power

DEAR SIR,—That was really brave, raiding the car-parks used by officials of your own department, the Petroleum Board, the Mines Ministry, and the Ministry of Aircraft Production.

So many of these people believe that the petrol brought here by British seamen is theirs by right—whatever use they put it to.

I'm told that many names were taken, and that quite a number of pompous people with a tremendous sense of their own importance feel you served them a rather dirty trick.

But never mind. Carry on with the good work!

Try the car-parks used by officials of local authorities. You'll have good hunting there.

There are pettifogging officials of no real importance who haven't walked a yard since the war began.

Drop in on some of the Government Departments evacuated to seaside towns.

And make a special drive against the people who put "Civil Defence" and other strange labels on their windscreens.

Labels hide a multitude of petrol sins.

This country is too full of odd little big-wigs of the "don't do as I do; do as I say" variety.

Make them follow the advice they offer so loftily to other people, and the country will be grateful to you.—JOHN BULL.

Miss ANN LOUGHLIN, New President Trades Union Congress

DEAR MISS LOUGHLIN,—Ability to iron out working women's social problems has won you the highest honour in trade unionism.

Now's your chance to do a bit of ironing out on behalf of the nation at large.

Use your influence to stop the pin-prick strikes. They're small, most of them, but so numerous as to represent a real stab in the back for our fighting men.

Butchers visiting a provincial town couldn't get meat supplies because of a strike of porters—which meant that the community suffered.

And how often do *small* strikes, holding up the production of apparently trivial accessories, rob the Services of weapons of war of which those accessories are part?

I know that what you can do to stop them you will.

For I remember what you told Russian women visiting Britain recently.

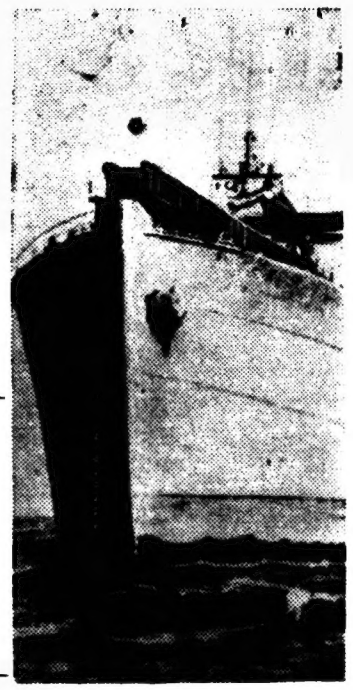
There'd be no "ca' canny" on behalf of British women, you assured them, but an all-out effort for victory—which brought them to their feet with clenched fists held high.

Their hearts will be with you when you take the chair for the first time at the General Council of the T.U.C. next Wednesday. They remember you in Russia.

And they'll be hoping that you can stop those strikes.—JOHN BULL.

★ *The Merchant Ship Fighter Unit, formed on the suggestion of the Prime Minister, has been in existence just over a year. In that time, not a single merchant ship has been lost by enemy air attack on convoys protected by the pilots of the catapult 'planes*

The Boys Who Kill Nazi Sea Hawks



The fast fighter 'planes that are beating the lurking German bombers are perched for'ard on some of the little ships of the convoys

By PATRICK SPENCER

FAR out at sea, the ships of a convoy, pounding their way through the grey waves, are spread out in a vast, steadily moving pattern.

Except for the warships that guard their flanks, they are mostly of a solid, seaworthy pattern—cargo boats, carrying in their holds the munitions of war.

But the superstructure of one of them seems a little different.

For'ard of the bridge, and running towards the bows of the ship, is a tresselated structure which, from a distance, looks like one of those ultra-long bridges that children love to build with perforated metal strips and little nuts and bolts. At the rear end of it nestles what seems like a toy acroplane.

It is a C.A.M.—a Catapult Armed Merchantman, with its Hurricane fighter waiting at the rear of the catapult runway, ready for action at a moment's notice.

The convoy is approaching the danger zone, and the notice is not long in coming.

Steady beating of ships' engines and the slap of water against metal bows is suddenly broken by the wailing of sirens.

Into Action

Two of the warships, detaching themselves from the flank of the convoy, spurt towards the horizon, the long, lean barrels of their anti-aircraft guns rising swiftly skywards.

On board the C.A.M. the pilot of the Hurricane has climbed into his seat, and the roar of his opened-out engine muffles the vicious barking of the warships' guns, which have gone into action.

Fighter Direction Officer of the C.A.M. has identified the enemy bomber—a Junkers 88—and the Master of the ship decides to make an attack.

The Chief Officer goes for'ard to an armoured compartment beside the catapult runway, and the pilot gets ready.

Settling his head against a special cushion designed to take the shock of the catapult discharge, and jamming his elbow into his side to prevent his hand being jolted off the control column, the pilot sets his flaps and rudder at their operational angles and signals that he is ready.

A split moment later the Hurricane is shot from the bows like an arrow from a bow.

The pilot had braced himself to take the violent acceleration of 75 m.p.h. reached in the first 70 ft. Then the cradle of the catapult had hit the hydraulic buffers at the forward end of the runway—and the Hurricane was airborne and climbing rapidly to engage the enemy.

Above the cluster of shell-bursts from the ships' guns he spots the Junkers going into a steep turn to avoid the flak.

But it will take more than a steep turn to avoid the Hurricane, whose pilot, making the most of his superior speed, is swinging out and up to slam down on the bomber's tail.

Proud Record

As he comes within range of the warships' guns they cease fire. It's up to him now, and he knows he mustn't fail. The proud record of the Merchant Ship Fighter Unit is in his keeping.

Roaring down on the Junkers' tail he lets it have all his guns in one terrific burst, and it goes spiralling down, smoke pouring from one of its engines and bits of its wings and fuselage fluttering after it to the mighty splash that marks its grave in the ocean.

One bomber less for the *Luftwaffe*.

His job done, the Hurricane pilot gets ready to bale out.

He hates doing it. All the pilots on this job do because it seems all wrong to have a perfectly good 'plane " written off."

But it is inevitable in most cases, as action often takes place well beyond the reach of a shore station, and it is part of the price of a brilliantly successful system of convoy protection.

This time the pilot manœuvres his 'plane to about half a mile ahead of his parent ship, and signals his intention of baling out.

Then he swings the 'plane over on to its back, loosens his safety belt, jettisons the hood of the cockpit, and dives out.

As he pulls the ripcord he catches a glimpse of the Hurricane passing him to plunge into the waves. The 'chute opens, and, taking the weight of his body, he has to turn his attention to the water below.

Fortunately, the sea isn't too rough to-day, so they'll have him out of it pretty quickly.

He can see the ships of the convoy spread out beneath him like the pieces of some giant game being played out on a board marked irregularly with the white caps of the curling waves.

Boats to the Rescue

The warships are back at their station, and the convoy is steaming stolidly on its way.

Now he is coming down closer, much closer, and he can see the faces of the crew of the C.A.M. as white blobs along the rail.

Already they are lowering the ship's boat.

He is so far down now that the convoy has lost its pattern and is spread out on all sides of him.

As his feet touch the water he strikes the release button on his parachute harness with one hand, and with the other holds his nose like a swimmer jumping feet first off the high board.

Now he is down under the waves, in a deep green light.

But only for a matter of seconds, for his lifebelt—Mae West, the flying lads call it—brings him swiftly to the surface and floats him there.

As he releases the dinghy attached to his flying suit and rips open its pack, he sees his parachute, caught by the wind, sailing away over the wave-tops.

A quick movement of the tap on the inflator bottle swells the dinghy to its limit, and, seizing the special handles at one end of it, he clambers in, the water bag at the opposite end preventing it capsizing as he hauls himself over the rim.

The ship's boat is pulling towards him in the distance.

He judges the gap and makes a nice calculation.

Yes, they ought to be within the average, he decides.

They are.

The Merchant Ship Fighter Unit reckons to rescue its pilots in less than six minutes!

Different from 1941

But they don't dock it off the programme, for the convoy steams on.

And, at any rate as far as the efforts of the *Luftwaffe's* long-distance bombers are concerned, nowadays it steams safely on.

It wasn't like that in 1941.

Losses of merchant shipping in the early part of last year from attacks by long-range Condor and Kurier bombers and torpedo 'planes had risen to such proportions that the authorities were seriously alarmed.

With aid of naval experts, tacticians and scientists set about finding a solution, and it was while they were hard at work that Mr. Churchill came forward with the suggestion that R.A.F. fighter 'planes should be carried in each convoy to tackle the raiders.

Thus, just over a year ago, the Merchant Ship Fighter Unit was born.

It was a lusty child from the beginning.

Half a dozen tough pilots of the Battle of Britain were the pioneers—they were known then as the "Atlantic Suicide Squad"—and were posted to Atlantic and Murmansk convoys.

Not a Ship Lost

From this small beginning the M.S.F.U. has grown into a highly specialised fighting unit, with pools of pilots in Canada and Russia, as well as in this country.

It celebrated its recent birthday by shooting down a Heinkel and a Junkers bomber and damaging three other aircraft.

During that first year of operation not a single merchant ship has been lost through enemy air attack on convoys protected by the M.S.F.U.

It is a record that is being jealously guarded—and woe betide the *Luftwaffe* pilot who tries to spoil it!

—AND BOMBS THAT WILL END A DREAM

ONLY a few, possibly not even of the biggest calibre, have begun the job.

But already they have blasted one of Goering's favourite and most expensive industrial projects sky-high. They spell doom for a thousand German war factories.

Russian 'planes are dropping them—on Vienna, Budapest and other places. They have closed the gigantic pincer movement of aerial bombardment which has now encircled Germany, and the attack will grow fiercer.

The message of these bombs, apart from the immediate damage which they cause, is vital. It simply says that there is no longer any spot in Germany safe from Allied bombers. No corner of Hitler's Reich can escape punishment from the air. No factory can be removed to a safe area.

Goering, when he realised that, in spite of his boasts, British bombers can easily penetrate the defences of the Rhine and the Ruhr, the seat of German heavy industry, called in his experts.

★ ★ ★

"How can we save our war production?" was the question he asked. The experts quickly volunteered an answer, and Goering liked it.

The project which was the result of this conference was carried out with greatest speed, regardless of cost. Whole factories, plant, men and material, were transferred to the "safe regions of the Reich."

Austria, with Vienna as a centre, became a new German industrial district. Germany's biggest locomotive engine factory was developed in the outskirts of Vienna.

In near-by Wiener-Neustadt German factories sprang to life like mushrooms. All along the Erzberg, in Styria, in Lower Austria, branches of German war industry grew beyond the size of their Rhineland mother-factories.

The extensive Manfred-Weiss war works in Budapest were showered with orders for German war production. Ten thousand workers were engaged round the clock to turn out weapons of war for Germany.

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Both in Vienna and Budapest no black-out hampered production. There was no need to divert valuable A.A. defences to these distant parts of Hitler's ill-gotten empire because, Goering thought, no Allied bombers would ever reach it.

Vast sums were invested in this gigantic transfer. The Nazi refugee industry flourished and helped to paralyse the effect of Allied bombing of Western Germany.

Experts estimate that if Russian attacks on Eastern Europe can be sustained, if, as they will be, they are reinforced by the massive assaults of American Liberators, for whom no distance is too great, 40 per cent. of Nazi industry, hitherto immune from attack, will begin to crumble up.

Together with the constant blasting of the Ruhr and the Rhine it spells the eventual collapse of Germany's power to produce the essential weapons of war.

Write to "John Bull" About it

HITLER'S EUROPE THIS WI

★ *It's a grim picture that History's greatest scoundrel must face as he looks back, from his Russian holocaust, on the continent through which his hordes have trampled, but there is nothing in the prospect for any wishful thinkers. Rather it shows how urgent is our job*

By A. G. GARDINER

THIS week the sun has crossed the equator on its way to the south and the breath of winter is stealing over the northern hemisphere. It is stealing over the steppes of Russia and gathering in its embrace Hitler's mighty war machine.

That is the major fact of the war. It may well prove to be the decisive fact of the war.

IT MEANS THAT THE GREAT GAMBLE ON WHICH HITLER STAKED EVERYTHING THIS SUMMER HAS FAILED, AS IT FAILED LAST SUMMER. HE HAS HAD GREAT SUCCESSES AT IMMENSE COST, BUT HE HAS NOT KNOCKED STALIN OUT OF THE RING.

He is locked in a titanic struggle from which he cannot disengage himself. He has lost the control of events, and the shadow of General Winter is once more over him.

The strategic consequences of this breakdown in his programme are obvious. While Russia is undefeated and formidable she must remain Hitler's most imperious concern. To accept defeat or a stalemate in Russia would mean the end of his whole adventure.

He must win there or lose everywhere. The continued concentration of his striking power against Russia is therefore imperative.

It follows that he can neither swing his war machine through the Caucasus to join up with Rommel in the Middle East, nor can he mobilise his resources to meet the gathering power of Britain and America in the West.

How hard pressed he is by the demands of the Russian theatre is evidenced by his failure to counter the second front from the air in the West.

Last winter the armoured might of the Nazis in Russia was reduced to this, and now another winter is about to fasten its fierce grip on their weary armies

Not for more than a century has Germany experienced the horrors of war on her own soil.

Never in history have her cities suffered anything like the devastations that are now their nightly lot.

And against this avalanche of destruction Hitler can offer no effective reply. The Luftwaffe *that was to conquer the world is absorbed in the vain attempt to conquer Russia.*

Not even the clamours and agonies of his own people can be permitted to divert it to their protection.

But it is not merely the control of the strategy of the war that is passing from Hitler as he enters upon his second Russian winter.

His control of his own front is showing symptoms of weakening. Let us glance at some of those symptoms.

Among what Bismarck called the "imponderables" of war the most powerful is the spiritual motive.

ALL OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL, A NATION FIGHTING FOR ITS FREEDOM WILL DEFEAT A NATION FIGHTING FOR CONQUEST.

MEN WILL SUFFER MORE AND SUFFER LONGER IN A RIGHTEOUS CAUSE THAN IN AN UNRIGHTEOUS ONE.

In this respect the United Nations have an indisputable advantage. They have a single aim—and that a noble one. It is to preserve the elementary liberties of mankind against the most impudent conspiracy in history.

They want nothing for themselves that they do not want for all, and the longer they act together the more complete will be their cohesion and the sovereignty of their spiritual purpose.

★ ★ ★

Contrast this with Hitler's motive. It is simple. He wants the earth. Having enslaved his own people, he is exploiting them to enslave the world. Nothing more, nothing less.

Thanks to the not discreditable folly of the world in refusing to believe that such an insane ambition, openly proclaimed and prepared for, need be taken seriously, Hitler very nearly "got away with it."

In a few brief months he ran up an edifice of power the like of which the world had never seen. He conquered Europe from end to end.

But for the Battle of Britain and the high courage of one great man, he would have conquered the world before it could rub the sleep out of its eyes. Never forget. It was as near as that.

NOW ON THE BRINK OF THE FOURTH WINTER OF THE WAR, THE WORLD IS VERY WIDE AWAKE, ARMED TO THE TEETH AND PREPARED FOR THE FINAL "SHOW DOWN."

And it is in these circumstances that the spiritual motive will be decisive.

Against the spiritual solidarity of the United Nations, what are the prospects of "the House that Hitler Built"? It is an astonishing façade, and do not let us question the material power behind it.

But I am concerned here not with military power, but moral power. And in this respect Hitler's edifice is a thing of lath and plaster.

Superficially, nothing could be more awesome. Hitler has Europe under his feet. His quislings reign in every capital. His murder squads infest every land.

Everywhere the peoples are enslaved. Everywhere they are compelled to labour for Hitler's war machine, or starve and suffer the lash of the Gestapo.

Revolt May Come Suddenly in France

WHAT would happen if revolution suddenly broke out in Vichy France?

Already there are many signs that it might.

Whatever remained of Marshal Pétain's former prestige has been crumbling rapidly since his reconciliation, and now unqualified association, with the corrupt traitor, Pierre Laval.

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One ominous sign were the clashes in Lyons, where indignant crowds freed from the hands of half-hearted policemen foreign Jews arrested for deportation to Germany, and the refusal of the military governor to intervene.

Another is the courageous letter sent by the statesmen, Herriot and Jeanneney, to Pétain, calling him a dictator for breaking his solemn pledge not to abolish Parliament and exposing his plan to drag France into the war on Germany's side.

Most serious symptom of all, perhaps, is the rebellion of the Church in both occupied and unoccupied France against the deportation of Jews ordered by the Gestapo and carried out by Vichy's police.

This is the more significant because, since the fall of France, the Catholic Church has been a powerful moral and political asset of Pétain's régime, and he has benefited from it in many respects.

The French Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops are, by tradition, circumspect in political matters.

That they should challenge the Government so fiercely on this issue indicates that the anger and unrest of the French people is so deep that the Church considers its authority would be endangered if it had not raised its voice.

Things have reached such a stage that even the one other really strong asset of Pétain and Laval seems to be crumbling also. This is the fear of the people in the free zone of total occupation of the country.

It had done more than anything else to enable the clique of French quislings to carry on against the will of contempt of the overwhelming majority of the people.

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But the men of Vichy have, in many respects, proved to be as loathsome as the Nazis are in the part of the country they have occupied.

In this situation, the revolt might break out even against the will of the leaders of the working people, who, naturally, are anxious that nothing should be done until the moment is ripe for the big offensive against Germany.

Hunger, too, is another factor which might precipitate the revolt. Since there were sporadic food riots in several southern towns earlier in the year, the position has grown worse, and winter is a terrible prospect for all France.

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To save their Vichy puppets from revolution, the Nazis would have to invade the rest of France, and, with the limited forces they have in Western Europe, they are not anxious to do that now.

It would mean the German High Command would have to pin down at least another hundred thousand men in the South of France at the moment when every available man will still be needed in Russia.

We must assume that the leaders of the United Nations have taken all this into account, but it is a stark and urgent possibility which everyone on our side should not lose sight of for a moment.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

WINTER

Over the whole Continent only one law prevails—the lawless, maniacal law of Hitler. Over the whole Continent justice has perished.

Over the whole Continent only the voice of Hitler and his satellites issues from Press or broadcast. Over the whole Continent freedom is a corpse.

★ ★ ★

But in spite of this appearance of power the Hitler edifice, built on lies and torture, violence and every form of Satanism, is rotten and is doomed.

It is rotten even in Germany, where the people are dazed between the holocaust in Russia and the holocaust of the burning cities at home, and where the hated rule of the Gestapo is fortified with machine-gun nests against the peril within.

Think of it. About 190,000 S.S. troops are garrisoned in the Berlin area alone to protect Hitler, not from the enemy, but from his own people.

And outside Germany, from Norway to Greece, the edifice is only held together by bayonets and fear.

There is not a country in which the mass of the people do not loathe their chains and hate the enemy that has pillaged them.

Every day brings new evidence of the sea of wrath that boils around "the House that Hitler Built," and even under its central foundations.

The ghastly massacres in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, in Yugoslavia, do not quell it. They only deepen its fury and the passion for revenge.

WHEREVER THE GERMAN SOLDIER GOES AMONG THE CONQUERED PEOPLES HE IS MADE TO FEEL THAT HE IS A LEPER WHOSE PRESENCE POLLUTES THE AIR.

And the most leprous of all are the quislings and the vile hirelings who have sold their country to the gangsters.

★ ★ ★

Hitler's difficulties on his own front increase as his needs increase. His slave drive in France has conspicuously failed. He demanded 300,000 skilled workers from his tool Laval, and all that he has got is a tenth of that total.

His satellite States are seething with mutual hatreds. He is spilling the blood of Rumanians and Hungarians in Russia, while at home the peoples of those countries are straining to fly at each other's throats. And so with France and Italy.

In Bulgaria the rebel movement against the quisling government has assumed such gravity that the Turkish view is that that country is likely to be the first of the slave States to break loose.

Even in Spain, the fall of the arch-Nazi, Suner, shows the new direction of the wind in Europe.

This is the edifice of the New Order that Hitler contemplates from afar on the eve of his second Russian winter. It is an edifice that is meant to be the tomb of the human spirit.

But it carries within it the seeds of its own destruction. You may almost hear the cracking of its timbers.

MAY THE BLAST OF WRATH THAT WILL SWEEP IT TO PERDITION COME THIS WINTER FROM EAST AND WEST. THEN THE MIGHTY AGONY OF RUSSIA WILL NOT HAVE BEEN IN VAIN

★ Everyone wants to get to know the American fighting men forming a great army in our midst. Most of us see them when they're off duty. Here's a glimpse of some of the Boston bomber lads on the job, and at their new airfield

By JOHN CASHEL

A Day with Those Boston Raiders

IF a man comes three to five thousand miles from his home to help defend yours, in the common cause, you want to get to know him.

So I set out to meet our fighting American friends, not in the streets, nor where a drink or two lubricates talk, but on the job at their "action stations."

The result is a revelation and an education, for my outstanding impression is of an extraordinary modesty, which I think they are carrying too far, presumably to kill that old "We Won" legend of the last war.

In a few lines their communiqués are dismissing the astonishing feats of the latest Fortresses that, in Mr. Churchill's words, are opening up a new vista in the daylight air war.

First D.S.O.

One sentence only also sufficed for each of two recent raids of the Boston daylight bombers.

I visited the crack squadron of these Bostons. Their leader, Major Charles C. Kegelman, unassuming, handsome, and of a blondness women envy, came four thousand miles from El Reno, Oklahoma.

His D.S.O. was the first award to any member of the U.S. Forces in Europe.

He was mum about it and the exploit that won it for him over a Netherlands aerodrome. German gunners shot off one of his propellers and the nose of one engine, setting it on fire.

His machine then struck the ground, damaging a wing and knocking a hole in the bottom of the fuselage; yet by amazing skill, gallantry and coolness he shot up a flak tower and brought his blazing Boston safely to its base.

Then there's "Tex."

That's the name on the side of the cockpit of his Boston. Beneath it is painted in red a charging Texas long-horn bull.

Tex looks as tough as the bull.

Six-feet-something and brawny with it, he has grown a Guards moustache, as a compliment, he says, to the R.A.F. with whom he has flown and of whom his admiration is unbounded.

Tex, otherwise Second-Lieutenant Glenn L. Jackson, self-described as "an old man of 27," played centre at footer for Texas University before he entered the U.S. Army Air Force.

"Now I play wing," he said, with a sly smile.

FWs Think Twice

Tex did talk a little about those raids.

"The Spits are all around us, giving us middle cover, with another lot up above, and even the FWs think twice before poking their noses into that hornets' nest.

"Best example of that was when we plastered Le Havre docks. We had the Spits hugging us, and telling us to put on speed (as it would give them a better chance to manœuvre if attacked), but we didn't hear that, as for some reason the wireless wasn't working.

"We couldn't see trailing behind and above them a bunch of FWs waiting to pounce. But we knew that up above, waiting to do the same thing, were more Spits.

"This cat-and-mouse procession proceeded for some way over the Channel when the FWs, not fancying themselves as the cat, turned tail without attempting a thing.

"That's no reflection on Jerry's best. It's a great aeroplane, a fine climber and diver, but it meets its match in the Spit and plays for safety, hoping to intercept a weaker formation or snatch a straggler.

"Such a straggler I nearly became when bombing Abbeville aerodrome, where we blew up hangars and planes at dispersal points.

"Suddenly, when the flak was worst, I ran out of gas from the tank I was using, and at the same moment a heavy shell burst just behind, giving our back a hell of a kick.

"What did it feel like? Well, you'd better not bend down . . . but it's just like that!

"I fell behind before I could get the gas on again, while the shouts of our boys ahead rang through our wireless: 'Catch up. We're catching it hot where we are!'

Confessions

"Meet the crew!" invited Tex. "Second-Lieutenant J. B. Terrell, observer and bomb-aimer, from Texas; Sergeant W. T. Evans, gunner, Texas; and that poor Yank, Sergeant J. F. Spellman, Maine."

They confessed to two least-liked moments of their job.

"The first," said Tex, "comes with that 'kick-off' feeling in the stomach when you're taking off—you always get it—but it disappears as soon as you're in play.

"The second is when you sight the coast on the other side and know the flak'll be coming up, but that goes as you near the target and forget everything else till you hear 'Bombs gone!'"

Their aerodrome is in the heart of rural England, and so modern in design that the R.A.F. handed it over to them before having occupied it.

Tex and his friends lead a communal life fifteen miles from nowhere—the nearest town. They must needs largely make their own pleasures.

By showing good fellowship, villagers and townsfolk do a lot to add to them, as do the Home Guard, who have the privilege of being our Army's representatives

"Tex" has his name on his Boston and beneath it is painted a charging Texas long-horn bull

in places where our visitors have taken over.

Their wants are few and simple.

I asked Tex and many of his comrades what new pleasures they desired most. "Let us see the latest American films in our station cinema, and let us hear the American football results over the wireless," was all they said.

Companions

Much they owe to the companionship of the W.A.A.F. at and around the station.

I found crews and W.A.A.F. messing together and sharing off-duty conversation in the lounge . . . just one pin-point on the picture of a Britain and an America getting to know each other better.

Outside the station an American pilot and a W.A.A.F. walking together down the dreamiest of thatched old-world English village streets seemed a strange new-world sight.

"We bring the girls from neighbouring stations to our own for dances and we go to theirs," I was told. "We get Ensa shows, too, among the artistes being American film stars working over here."

These Boston boys live well, sharing their American rations with both R.A.F. and W.A.A.F. personnel to save separate transport. Food in officers' and men's messes is the same.

They get some things now luxuries to us, but what interested me more than the food was the men, so cosmopolitan are those the vast U.S.A. sends over to fight with us.

Dark-complexioned Italians, Mexicans, even Red Indians, jostled with everything else in between two flaxen-haired Scandinavians.

I asked one officer how close was the co-operation with the R.A.F. "So close," he replied, "we don't know where it begins or ends. Sure, we know all they do and they know all we do.

Tell us, but . . .

"We've flown with them and they've shown us everything while we're getting our hand in."

My impression is that the method of working is best expressed in six words: "Tell us, but don't teach us," which tells all the R.A.F. has learned and leaves our friends free to exercise their individuality and originality.

And after what we've seen them do in the Pacific, and their Fortresses are doing over here, that seems the perfect basis of collaboration!

HOW WORKERS ARE LOST IN RED TAPE TANGLE

SIR EDMUND CRANE, the famous industrialist, whose factories have been engaged since the war on "First Priority" contracts, recently declared that Britain is squandering her man-power.

Protesting that 40 per cent. of his own machine-tool capacity was idle, he asserted that much-needed production is being held up because of red-tape methods.

He has evidence that a million men between the ages of thirty-five and sixty-five, who are available for war work, are being wasted.

As managing director of the Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd., which in pre-war days was the greatest manufacturing firm of its kind in the world, Sir Edmund's grave allegations cannot be disregarded.

He is one of many big employers of labour who have voiced complaints.

In fact, the conditions he cites are typical of those experienced by many firms *in the very same district.* Some, also holding 1A Priority contracts, complain they are so understaffed that machines often have to remain unworked for days on end.

It's Widespread

Yet, between them, they are turning out the major proportion of munitions in their area through the loyalty of their existing staffs !

The trouble, of course, is not confined to one area. In various parts of the country firms are working under difficulties which their directors contend could be lessened—even removed—if some of the pettifogging restrictions were dropped.

Many employers hold that the Restriction of Engagements Order, under which the Ministry of Labour deals with labour problems, ought to be drastically revised. It is a tangle of red-tape, they say.

"Before that Order came into force I could get all the labour I wanted," said the head of a large engineering firm, engaged on 100 per cent. munitions work, to a representative the other day. "In my opinion, it just holds things up—hampers us in finding workers."

In these circumstances it is good to know that a Committee of the Ministry of Labour is now deliberating upon the question of modifying this Order. I trust these deliberations will not take too long, for reform is urgently required.

In one town a large munitions factory, employing setters, fitters, turners and engineers, is working a comfortable forty-one hour week. Its output is up to date and its work exemplary.

A few miles away another firm, engaged on similar work, is working fifty-five hours a week day shift and fifty hours a week night shift because it cannot get skilled men *locally.* Its output is behind time.

Willing to Work

In the near-by town, the men and women working the forty-one hour week would willingly extend their working day to relieve the pressure on the workers in the other factory.

But hair-splitting boundary lines and lack of proper co-ordination cause hold-ups in different parts of the country.

Cases are common where skilled men, drawing good money for doing little or nothing, could be placed in valuable employment but for Ministry red-tape.

One of the best jig-makers in the country received £9 a week in a London factory, to which he was posted by the Ministry of Labour, for doing practically nothing. Jigs are urgently needed in aircraft production, and it sickened him that his skill was being wasted.

He threw up the job and requested the local employment exchange to find him work in which he was skilled, but for weeks he was told "nothing available."

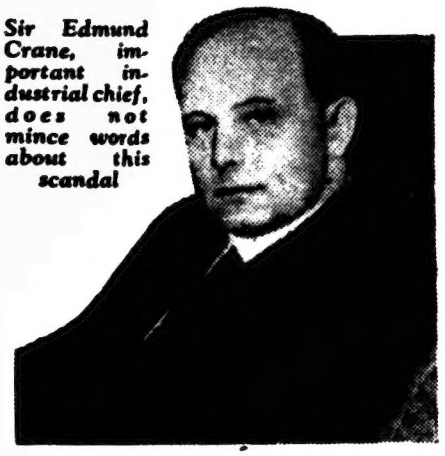
So, acting entirely off his own bat, he found a job for himself, and, working on a 1A Priority contract, was later ordered to go to different work in the West Country "where his services were now required."

Another man, who is reporting regularly to a certain employment exchange, is a first-class electrical engineering craftsman who cannot get work because there is nothing on the local books. He has been told that if he gets a firm in another district to apply for him the application will be considered.

Yet firms, big and small alike, engaged in war work of all kinds, complain that they cannot get the services of such men as these !

Most astonishing disclosure of all is that many firms with 1A Priority contracts receive materials but cannot get the necessary labour !

Queried about this, the Ministry of Labour says that the regulations governing labour have nothing to do with supply of materials, and that if the Ministry of Aircraft Production arranges delivery of goods when labour is not available to cope with it, that is not the Ministry of Labour's affair !



Sir Edmund Crane, important industrial chief, does not mince words about this scandal

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS COMMENTS

Skilled craftsmen at Bristol protested that though so many jobs in factories for skilled men are available, they have been sent to do drainage repairs !

In some factories skilled men, whose services would be highly valued elsewhere, are deliberately kept in special jobs because it suits departmental chiefs.

An important vacancy occurred at a Home Counties establishment, and a skilled man, who had been in the employ of the firm for many years, applied for it. His departmental chief refused to let him go.

So a junior man, whose only experience has been obtained in a canned food factory, was given the job.

Many trade unions, among them the Federation of Leather Workers, the National Foremen's Association, and the Amalgamated Engineering Union, have protested about the muddle.

Serious Obstacles

The London Employment Agents' Federation has just issued a protest to its members in which it says that "the regulations and methods of the Ministry of Labour, and its monopoly of 'placing' in the war industries, are serious obstacles to greater war production."

Industrialists in many leading munitions-making centres are pressing for improvement in the Government's methods of dealing with this man-power problem. There is certainly room for it !

WAR CHEATS EXPLOITING CHILDREN

SHOULD children be allowed to go from door to door collecting money for local charities?

Most people, invited by a keen-eyed youngster to give a penny or two to "Our Spitfire Fund," to "the War Nurses," or the "Soldiers in Egypt," would give without question. And the great majority of the little collectors would, of course, be quite honest.

Cases are coming to light, however, where children are being exploited by cheats who use them as a "lure" and sponsor the collections principally for their own ends.

Several local councils have lately found reasons to view the practice with disapproval even when children have been employed by genuine concerns. The Hampshire County Council, for instance, recently urged the educational authorities to put a stop to it.

"It is bad for the children to know that by doing this kind of thing they can earn money," said one speaker. "It is a big temptation for a small child to find his pockets full of other people's money without the slightest check, in some cases, on him."

In one London area the other day some scruffy kiddies were going from door to door selling objects of their own manufacture. People who bought them were visited a second time and begged to hand back the things they had bought so that they could be sold again for "Our Fund."

It is all wrong, of course, and something should be done to stop it.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

This week's £1 1s. goes to Mr. W. F. Lucas, Granville Road, Chorley, Lancs for details of a new ramp.

Write about any matter calling for editorial comment or inquiry. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93/4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER ASKS . . .

ARE WE GETTING CARELESS ?

● The comparative immunity from air raids during the last twelve months or more has led to much carelessness about the black-out.

You see, now, many more lights than a year ago.

Yet a stray raider can be expected, without warning, anywhere along the coast.

And, when November comes, if not before, large-scale raids must be looked for. Then, the Eastern Front stabilised by the winter snows, the *Luftwaffe* may again be hurled against our islands.

That, at least, is the official view.

Greater vigilance is needed—and infinitely greater care.

WHY NO PREPARATION FOR GLUTS ?

● We are usually prepared for shortage, but seldom for abundance.

The Ministry of Food, while worthy of high praise for the way in which it has kept us fed, has from the start of the war—then, vast amounts of fruit were left lying in the Kent orchards—failed to prepare plans for extra good crops of food or vegetables.

Always, there is evidence of abundance weeks before harvest time.

But, invariably, a plan for conservation, storage or immediate distribution has been wanting until there has been a protest.

Even now there are going to waste, in the hedgerows and the fields, many foodstuffs not commonly used but of priceless value when every ton of shipping is worth twenty in normal times.

WHAT LESSON HAVE YOU LEARNED ?

● I get, as a rule, every week, at least one lesson from the past that should be a warning for the future.

A Greek shipowner has been telling me how, in the slump of 1931 and 1932, he and his compatriots were jeered at for buying, often at one-fifth of their normal value, British ships that were going to be broken up and sold for scrap.

"Your owners made their ships into scrap and even sold it to Germany and Japan," he said. "We Greeks bought, despite the mocking gibes we heard.

"Now we are told that we were artful.

"Anyway, as a consequence, we put into the Allied pool, when war came, no less than 1,500,000 tons of ships that your owners were going to destroy.

"And, as it was all out of the Mediterranean, for we foresaw the danger, it was all safe in your harbours."

Next time—scrap nothing!

IS THE RACE PROBLEM SERIOUS ?

● A Chicago man who is usually cold in his calculations told me last week that just as, in 1807, Britain freed the slaves, their free-and-easy attitude towards the coloured troops in the American Army would do an infinite deal to increase their social freedom in the States after the war.

Indeed, repercussions are expected in America, where 13,000,000 Negroes are already demanding equality of treatment in the war factories and the services.

British people, while being kind and courteous to our black allies, must beware of so behaving that they annoy the white Americans who are fighting with them.

"You seem to prefer the Negroes to us," complain some of them.

The situation requires tact and a wise toleration generally—or Anglo-American relations will suffer.

As it is, news of the difficulties here is being suppressed in United States newspapers.

HE PUT THINGS RIGHT

"JOHN BULL'S"
10-MINUTE STORY
By WILL SCOTT

THE Minister for Square Pegs and Round Holes believed in finding out for himself. It was, he said, no use asking. Only you yourself could provide the answer. So look about and find out.

"Even to-day, after three years of war," he said, "there must be thousands and thousands of people who are not doing the job that nature fitted them for. And it's time that sort of thing was put right."

Somebody offered to submit a report, but the Minister swept this somebody out of the way.

"I don't want a report," he said. "I want the facts. And I can dig up the facts without help."

Therefore he took a month off from Whitehall. He took trains all over the place, looking for square pegs and round holes. He drew up his own report.

"Thousands and thousands there must be," he said. "I shall find them."

And he found them.

He found one in a big engineering shop in the north. This one was a large man, with bushy hair and a wide mouth. He was operating a lathe.

The Minister for Square Pegs and Round Holes stopped and looked at the man.

"I seem to know your face," he said.

"Yes, sir?" said the man politely.

"What's your name?" asked the Minister.

"Smith, sir," said the man.

"H'm."

This meant nothing to the Minister. He shook his head.

"I could have sworn I'd met you somewhere," he told the man.

"Perhaps you've seen me and not met me," suggested the man.

"How?" asked the Minister.

"Perhaps you know me as Winkle."

"Yes, I must have seen you on the stage at some time." He turned to the manager with a snort

"Winkle?" repeated the surprised Minister.

"Wally Winkle," said the man.

The Minister said it over to himself two or three times, as if trying to jog an unwilling memory.

"Wally Winkle, Wally Winkle, Wally Winkle. . . ."

"The comedian, sir," said Wally Winkle.

"Wally Winkle, the comedian? Ah! Yes, I thought there was something familiar. . . . Yes, I must have seen you on the stage at some time."

He turned to the manager with a snort.

"Comedian turning a lathe!" he said.

"As a matter of fact," said the manager, "he's one of our best men."

"Comedian turning a lathe!" the Minister said with another snort. "Come on—let's get along."

He got along. Out of that works and into another. Out of that town and into another. Out of the north and into the south. Out of the south and into the Midlands.

At the end of the month, pretty well exhausted, he finished his tour of inspection in a big works in South Wales. By this time he had a list of square pegs covering hundreds of foolscap sheets. He was very pleased with himself.

"Ridiculous situation," he said to the manager of the big works in South Wales. "Thousands of people doing the wrong thing, as I said all along. Well, it's going to be put right. I'm not the one to stand for that kind of nonsense for the rest of the war."

His inspection over, the manager took him to lunch in the canteen, and they saw the concert arranged for the workers.

"Good little show," said the manager when it was over. "It visits us once every month. We quite look forward to it."

"I IMAGINE you do," said the Minister.

A little man who had just brought down the house with his banjo solos and comic stories was passing. The Minister pulled him up.

"Very good," he said.

"Thank you, sir," said the little man.

"You must have been doing that all your life," said the Minister.

"No, sir," said the little man. "Only since the war."

"Your name?"

"Percy Wash, sir."

"Percy Wash. I see. And you've only been doing this since the war?"

"Yes, sir. I'm an engineer, really, only ——"

"An engineer?"

"Yes, sir," said Percy Wash.

The Minister turned to the manager.

"Did you ever hear of anything like it? All over the country. The wonder is that we're making any war effort at all. The trouble is that it's never been anybody's business. Well, it's my business now. We're going to see changes."

And he went back to London and told the Cabinet.

"It's really shocking, gentlemen," he said. "I have a list here that is alarming. Thousands of names and addresses. If all this were not a fact, I dare not ask you to believe it. It reads more like a fairy tale. Engineers singing comic songs. Comedians turning lathes. Navvies in offices. Clerks digging. Cooks cleaning out works. Charwomen cooking. It's fantastic."

The Cabinet, appropriately shocked, asked him if he could put things right.

"Within a week, gentlemen," said the Minister.

And he went away. Back to his Ministry.

And he put things right.

It was five minutes to twelve in a big works in the West Country.

Robinson, mechanic, a quiet little man, watched Percy Wash on the job as slowly he cleaned his hands on oily waste.

"That isn't the way," he said.

Percy Wash sighed.

"You've got to work it from the left," said Robinson. "It takes twice the time from the right, and the job isn't done as well, either."

"I see," said Percy Wash. And tried it from the right. This way it seemed to take him three times the time.

"Show me," he said.

Robinson showed him.

"It *looks* easy," Percy Wash admitted.

"It *is* easy," said Robinson. And then, with a lift of his left eyebrow, looking sideways: "I thought you used to be an engineer?"

"So I did," said Percy Wash. "Mind, it was only a little business. Small town affair. You know. It was my father's before me—that's how I came into it. But it wasn't my line. My heart wasn't in it, if you know what I mean. What *I* always wanted to do —— "

The clock struck twelve.

"Canteen," said Robinson. "Come on. First thing this afternoon I'll show you how that little dodge works. It's quite easy when you get the knack."

"Thanks," said Percy Wash. "I'm afraid I'm a bit of a fool when it comes to jobs like this."

They reached the canteen and found seats side by side. On a platform at the end somebody was reaching the last notes of a piano solo. It was visiting concert party day.

A fat man appeared.

"AND now," said the fat man, "for the well-known comedian, Wally Winkle."

Wally Winkle dashed on. Wally Winkle started.

Somebody laughed. Somebody whistled. Somebody shouted "Go home!" Somebody threw a penny. Then somebody else.

"I say!" exclaimed Percy Wash. "He's dreadful!"

Wally Winkle, his song unfinished, dashed off.

"It's a funny world," said Robinson. "I wonder who told him he was a comedian?"

Human Machine

DON'T KID YOURSELF

We all like to pride ourselves on possessing a calm mind, on having the ability to keep our heads. But how many of us are merely kidding ourselves!

The ability to keep a calm mind is the ability to avoid panic when danger, difficulty or emergency appear, but there's a lot more to it than that.

When difficulties and dangers loom up it's quite possible to stand aside, keep aloof, pass by on the other side. That's one way of keeping calm; but it's not the real way.

Essence of the calm mind is that it is also competent. It is a mind that is sure of itself.

It is a mind that is ready on all occasions to give orders to the body and see that those orders are carried out. It is a mind that, when it sees danger and difficulty, is ready and able to do something about it.

It is the knowledge of the ability to do something about it that induces calmness and avoids panic. It is the ability to think quickly that produces that ability.

If you can't think you can't act. That's all there is to it. It's a law to which there are no exceptions.

Learn to think rationally and clearly and you'll develop the ability to act sanely, courageously and effectively.

JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

DR. JOHNSON once gave it as his opinion that it was *wrong* to raise the wages of working men. Wrong!

I wonder, if he were alive to-day, if he could give that opinion now without being howled down? We have a number of people on earth who would not raise a man's wages by a halfpenny if they could help it, but I doubt if many people could be found to declare such a thing to be wrong.

★ ★ ★

Silly, weak, unwise, perhaps. Dozens of things like that; but not *wrong*.

Now Dr. Johnson was described in his own time as "a man of extensive learning, a distinguished moral writer and a sincere Christian." He was certainly one of the wisest men of his day.

And—his day, remember, was only a hundred and fifty years ago. Your great-grandfather's day, too. Not so long ago.

Which makes you think.

Dr. Johnson was wrong about lots of things, not only the wages of working men. If he could come back to us he would think our world had gone mad. Especially if he could see most of the hard-and-fast class distinctions of his age swept away—as they have been.

He would think we had all taken the wrong turning.

And we, most of us, would no doubt think him a stupid old reactionary.

And yet he *was* one of the wisest men of his day.

It *does* make you think.

Most of the medicine the good Doctor ordered for mankind a hundred and fifty years ago we flatly refuse to take. We are not at any price having the sort of world that he envisaged for us. Time has proved him wrong. Hopelessly.

And yet he WAS one of the wisest men of his day.

When we look ahead a bit and try to make sure that 1950 will be a little better than 1930 we find ourselves—that is, most of us—in a bit of a fog.

We'd like the world to be better when we leave it than it was when we entered it, but we don't quite know what to do about it. That is, Tom, Dick and Harry don't. You don't. I don't. The average man doesn't.

So we turn to the wise men for advice. And the wise men are hopping mad to give us the advice. They can tell us what to do. They can even tell our great-grandchildren what to do.

And . . . we believe what they tell us. Just as our great-grandfather believed Dr Johnson. We believe them because they are wise and we are not.

We know now, as our unfortunate great-grandfather did not know, that Dr. Johnson was *wise and wrong*. Our great-grandchildren may find out that our great ones, too, were wise and wrong.

★ ★ ★

We listen so eagerly to the words of our wise ones. We take, so hopefully, the medicine they order. And before very long the things they say, the remedies they hand out, may prove to be nothing but airy bosh.

If Dr. Johnson could be so hopelessly wrong, then so may any of the great ones to-day who seem to us so wise.

Yes, it *does* make you think.

A. G.

Girls' Uniforms Mislead You

WOMEN IN WAR

★ Those in the Services are, of course, most prominent in the public eye, and the smart dress is apt to give quite a wrong idea of the tough jobs they are doing so magnificently

BY MAURICE FAGENCE

I KNOW just what you think when you see women in uniform.

That they've got clean, safe jobs. And that they're one of the family in some "cushy" billet.

But don't be deceived by rose-and-cream faces, neat uniforms, well-kept hands.

Our women of to-day know how to do a man's job and then, jumping out of a cocoon of grime and grease, look as feminine as ever.

So don't judge them by off-duty appearances.

There are, for instance, three W.R.N.S. I would like you to meet.

You'd think Leading Wren Lorna Garrad was still driving the little van for her family, who keep a butcher's shop in Suffolk.

That Wren Lily Trout was still selling "pretties" in a drapery shop at Evesham.

And that Wren Joan Baker was still asking "Indian tea—or China?" in the restaurant where she used to work.

Black as Coal

But let's hunt them out in a cloud of coal-dust that hangs about somewhere off the coast of Britain.

There's a naval vessel in that cloud of coal-dust, rolling and plunging in rough weather.

Women are "coaling" her. It is an ordinary, everyday job for hundreds of W.R.N.S.

And, deep down in her innards, hot, sticky, sweating like mules, their eyes shining like diamonds out of black velvet, shovel Lorna, Lily and Joan.

Yes, they shovel coal. In tons. And looking like three monster smuts themselves.

But let them spill their curls out of canvas scarves, and tear off their dungarees, and throw their clogs on one side—and if Lorna, Lily and Joan tell you they do anything away from an office desk, you won't believe them.

There's a port near by.

There are women there who do book-keeping and typing for the Navy, send morse messages, answer the 'phone—and even darn and mend for sailors who have no time for such jobs in their interludes ashore.

No Champagne

But there are women who can get just as magnificently dirty as our three shovellers.

They clean and overhaul the engines of the smaller craft. They work as ship-wrights and carpenters. They skid about the quays on tractors, or peer down from cranes.

They even help in the relaunching of trusty old tubs they have helped to repair—with not a spot of champagne spared for the ceremony, as they'll tell you with a sigh.

They get packed with secrets about this or that naval operation.

But they won't tell you about them.

On leave, spick, span and shining again, they won't even tell mother.

Way back in the naval workshops they help men on bigger naval units.

They work side by side with naval artificers, stripping engines and overhauling marine gear-boxes.

They clean up the guns that do the job.

And if I gave you a complete list of their jobs I'd be wrong in a fortnight's time, for they are always finding new jobs for them to do, so releasing more and more men for the fighting.

We'll move to the W.A.A.F. girls—the girls behind the R.A.F. pilots.

It's hard to believe what the Air Minister said of them—that they do 90 per cent. of the preparations behind a 1,000-bomber raid. But they do.

They pack the parachute on which the pilot's life depends. See his life-saving dinghy is in order. Hand over the last-word instructions before the bombers take off.

Then wait. Guide them home again. And have ready the cup of cheer which matters so much when you have come back frozen from a blazing target.

Day and Night

To-day we have flying nurses ready for the pilot who has crashed at some distant spot, and who, unable to be moved to where medical help is, must have it taken to him.

Day and night they wait—and fly.

Women even do engine-assembling for Spitfires and Hurricanes, these days. And the pilots do not take off in fear and trembling, thinking it will prove a boggled hair-pin job!

Then there are the girls of the A.T.S.—whom cheap gossip tried to damn and couldn't.

Women in khaki knew about the Sten gun before the men. They assembled them. They packed them. They distributed them. And they never talked.

Some of the women most skilled in assembling them—Sergeant Florence Yellowby, for instance—were once afraid of anything more deadly than a pop-gun.

She came second in a big test of men and women in the identification of parts.

It's your A.T.S. girl who has to rush out to the gun-site with the men when "Jerry's" over.

She doesn't do the killing, but she risks just as much as the men when the German bomber "looses a stick" at her battery.

Then there are the thousands of girls on the searchlights, or in training for such work.

Real front-line stuff. Hear them talk: "We heard it whistle down—then it lifted us right off our feet!"

And, they have to manipulate the beam, do minor repairs, and recognise every type of aircraft, allied or enemy.

And women are doing traffic control for the Army now—with distinguishing armlets on their sleeves.

And doing a "spot of sentry" at the gates of camps—even men's camps. . . .

No, these are not soft-job girls. That is true of all three Services.

Typical of the spirit of the majority of them are these three instances:

A would-be Wren, dainty, pretty, applied for office work.

When they told her the particular need of the moment was for a girl who could do real hard, grimy work for the Navy, she said: "I'm not used to hard work, but I'll learn."

A girl who sought highly technical work in the A.T.S., told she ought to have qualifications for such work, said: "Oh, make me a cook, then. As long as I help somehow."

Not Spartans!

And: "The harder the job the better. I believe in doing something different in war time," said a well-known headmaster's daughter, joining the W.A.A.F.

If you want to see these women who are "just behind the front line," don't go looking for Spartan women bristling with arms. . . .

That neat, trim, pretty girl coming down the road, who might be going to a party—she's one!

More and more A.T.S. girls are working with men on the guns, and they're very efficient

TELLING THE PUBLIC

ONE of the most useful tasks performed by the Salvage Stewards is that of keeping the public informed of the nation's most pressing requirements.

So many people are apt to think of all scrap as just so much waste material. Thus they tend to minimise the value of their own efforts.

If ever you are in doubt, do not hesitate to consult your Salvage Steward. He can explain why nothing is too trivial to be saved for the war effort.

Take old torch batteries, for instance. These contain brass, zinc, paper and—most important of all—carbon. Yours will go to swell the thousands which are recovered regularly.

Sent to special factories they are systematically broken up so that the valuable components may be diverted to useful ends.

While all scrap is important, an extra special effort is necessary to gather in every bit of waste rubber that can be found.

More Salvage Stewards are needed, by the way. All local councils will be glad to receive applications from people willing to take up this spare-time war work.

VOICE

TROOPS serving with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, having avoided trouble from enemy bombs, found another type of explosive to contend with, according to a letter from Gunner G. Riches, R.A., who writes to his wife at Swaincombe Avenue, Ealing, London:

Owing to Jerry's activities in the daytime we had to do our cooking at night on a Primus stove, under cover, in our tractor.

Having no paraffin, we used petrol, with the result that the stove went all temperamental—and so did we.

There were three of us in the tractor, including the sergeant, and after five attempts we at last got the stove working. Then, without warning, it suddenly exploded, and as the flames licked round us we dived out of the tractor with our faces and hands burned.

We had to get the fire out because there was ammunition near by, and this we did before going to the M.O. to have our burns treated. The sergeant was so badly burned that he was sent off to the field hospital.

Next day we had orders to move out, as Jerry was behind us. Later we heard that the field hospital had no time to evacuate, and that our sergeant was a prisoner.

It was lucky that my three days' beard saved me from serious burns on the face, otherwise I, too, would have been sent to that hospital.

THE ODD SPOT

Some of the troops billeted in empty houses in the suburbs of London and other towns do not seem to have received a very warm welcome in some districts. A Guardsman in the Coldstreams is mildly indignant when writing to a friend:

For some time past we have been billeted in several empty houses, all near to each other, but we feel as if we are living on a desert island, for up to now our neighbours give no sign that we exist.

We are not a rowdy lot and do nothing to offend "the locals." Yet we've tried to pass the time of day with them, but without much success so far. However, we persevere, and, who knows, one day we shall be rewarded with a smile and a "Good morning!"

It is not our wish to scrounge suppers or to flirt with the daughters of the house, but we would welcome a friendly chat sometimes.

Some of the fellows would gladly lend a hand with the gardens in their spare time, but they do not care to hawk their services in this atmosphere.

All suburban residents cannot be the same. Maybe we have struck the wrong road!

A NATIVE WEDDING

Signaller C. A. Buss, stationed in Central India, writes home to his parents at Wattles Wish.

LIFE'S LINKS

ALL the things we do To-day are part of our To-morrow, that's the way Life links our deeds, our happiness, our sorrow. So if we let Temptation win and break down our endeavour, To-morrow we'll find twice as hard its ugly power to sever.

BUT if we do the decent thing and keep the wrong things under, To-morrow we'll be far too wise to heed Temptation's Thunder. And we will smile where once we strove against things of our dreading, for To-day we build the road, my friend, which To-morrow we'll be treading.

SO all the things we hope To-day. Life's distant views will colour, and if we drably paint To-day our To-morrows will prove duller. But if we give our soul full scope and its bright progress follow, then upon Life's Crags we'll find jewelled hours lighting some creviced hollow.

SO all the things we do To-day are woven in To-morrow, all the things we give away, or lend, or hold, or borrow. And all the prayers we pause to say are like precious Milestones gleaming upon Life's Road, where our good deeds are like Living Banners Streaming. J. M.

OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one Published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Battle, Sussex, to tell of a native wedding, among other things:

This wedding "do" was a grand affair, as good as a circus. The bridesmaids were pulled along in a special car, followed by the bride in a chariot drawn by horse; and bringing up the rear was the bridegroom on horseback.

As night fell there was a procession headed by a band and all lit up with lanterns. The celebrations went on for many hours and a good time was had by all, including ourselves.

THE CHEERFUL WOUNDED

Cheerfulness breaks through, even in a hospital out East, where Trooper H. S. Greenway, R.T.R., is recovering from wounds. He writes to his sister at Chudleigh, Newton Abbot, Devon:

I am still in hospital, but I'm going on very well, sitting up and taking nourishment. My other wounds have healed, but a tendon just below the knee was shot away, and they have to put that right before I get properly on my feet.

They won't operate yet, but I don't care how soon they do the job, so that I can get away without a limp—and apparently I shall.

The people here have earned a fine reputation for their generosity to the troops; with "Comfort" funds, entertainments, and care of the wounded. They are fine people.

Tell John I hope to be home in time to celebrate his wedding, or something. Hope you had a good season with the pigeons. Cheerio, and all the best.

A BRAIN-WAVE

Eggs are difficult to come by, but not in a certain unit of the R.T.C. stationed at home. How two troopers secured a supply of new-laid eggs for breakfast is told in a letter home to Mrs. Byron, St. Helens Road, Eccleston, Prescot:

One day after dinner some hens came near our tent, and we fed them with scraps. After that they became pals and visited us daily and would follow us into a spare bell-tent.

Then Arthur had a brain-wave. He built a nesting-box. We provided the hens with regular meals, hoping that they would take a fancy to our nesting-box.

The hens never missed a parade for food, but they laid no eggs. Then one day Arthur raised a shout. The fowls had started laying for us!

JUST LIKE HOME

From Egypt comes a report of unexpected early morning tea in the desert. Pte. G. K. Skinner, R.A.S.C., writes to his mother at Westmount Road, Eltham, London:

It was my first day in Egypt and after travelling all day into the desert we pitched camp in the dark, miles from anywhere.

At 6 a.m. we were aroused by natives shouting, "Tea, lovely tea"—and it was lovely and refreshing.

I couldn't for the life of me think where this "lovely tea" was coming from in the desert. It seemed all wrong, but very welcome.

Later we found that the natives bring round tea in a big urn at all hours of the day from dawn to dusk, and they do a steady trade.

GRAND NEWS

Letters from home are a godsend to men in the Services stationed in distant lands. Sapper C. Baker, R.E., serving out East, thanks the home folk at Marina Drive, Rosherville, Kent, for news:

It does me a world of good to hear from you all at home, and bucks us up no end when we feel that you are thinking of us out here.

We have nothing to worry about and everything is in good hands.

Old Jerry will never have Egypt, much as he wants it. Our men are in good heart and full of confidence for the fight that is to come.

The R.A.F. is doing a fine job, and those boys are at it night and day. I wouldn't be in Jerry's shoes for all the tea in China.

UNOFFICIAL WELCOME

Troops calling in at a port on the way out East are first met by an unofficial reception committee. Pte. Wills describes the scene in a letter to his mother at Hillcrest Avenue, West Thurrock:

As soon as we arrived in port natives in small canoes set out from the beach and were soon alongside. They started the old stunt of diving for money, but they must all belong to the same trade union, for they would only dive for silver.

They paddled round singing tunelessly our old songs, until someone dropped a beerbottle among them, and that enlivened the proceedings somewhat.

MUD IN YOUR EYES!

By way of contrast, Gunner J. Field, R.A., in an Airgraph letter to his parents at Padiham, Burnley, Lancs, tells of washing difficulties way out East:

The only trouble at present is washing facilities, which are not de-luxe. There are twelve of us to join in the communal wash-basin, which happens to be half a petrol tin.

To spill the water is a tragedy. It's all right if you happen to wash first, but after that it gets thicker and thicker until the last man finds it like mud. However, it's good for the complexion, and things might be much worse!

★ Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

Punishment made him worse

HUMANIST GIVES SOME TIPS ON BAD LANGUAGE

MARK TWAIN declared: "I have come to one great conclusion about Wagner's music: it is not half as bad as it sounds!" The same can be said about the wickedness of young children.

Here is a letter from a mother about a subject which must worry thousands of parents.

"My small son, aged four, was greatly interested in the workmen who were making air raid shelters near by," *she writes.* **"He couldn't get out fast enough each day to join them in their work. Dressed in dungarees like theirs, and with sandwiches for lunch, he worked with them and imitated everything they did, thinking himself a real working man.**

"I find, however, to my horror, that he has picked up a great deal of bad language. It makes my hair stand on end to hear him. When I realised what was happening I tried to prevent him from joining them, but he came out with such a torrent of swearing, and the more I punished him the worse he became."

A DAY or two earlier I heard from another mother whose six-year-old boy had picked up some undesirable words from the harvesters on the farm. She said he made the air blue with oaths and was creating more trouble by passing the language on to other lads of his age. The infants' mistress was very angry about it.

I am perfectly aware that a great many people will disagree with what I propose to say—namely, that adults will insist on applying their own standards to young children. Those young lads were not deliberately wicked. Words which would be ghastly on the lips of a mother or a teacher do not appear the same to boys of four or six.

Punishment has been proved to be useless. Getting terribly upset and "pleading" merely impresses the bad language more deeply into the consciousness. But children are quick to imitate and quick to drop a habit. If the bad language is to be checked it should be done casually and in a light-hearted manner. Worrying will do more harm than good.

Similar problem comes from an anxious father.

"My wife and I are very worried about our sixteen-year-old daughter," *he says.* **"She is working in an office in a neighbouring town. Before she went she was a nice, quiet, well-behaved girl, but her new friends are having a bad influence on her.**

"She has started using powder and lipstick and spends too much time in thinking about her appearance. She also uses words of which we disapprove strongly.

"Some of her friends have been here to tea, and although they are well-educated girls from decent homes they seem to be interested in two subjects only—good looks and boy friends."

I don't think the changes in the girl are solely due to her new associates: they are indications that she is growing up. She belongs to the new generation. At sixteen it is natural to think about appearance and boys.

As for the "language," I'm afraid there is no avoiding it in war time, and the chief thing to remember is that the "words" have largely lost their real meaning. In many cases they are used only for emphasis. What do readers think?

HERE is another problem about which I should like to hear readers' opinions.

"I have a relative," *complains a reader,* **"who is always copying me in everything I do. If I buy a new coat, she buys one—same colour and same style. If I do my hair in a new style, she copies that. I had a photo of my husband taken, and she promptly ordered one for her husband.**

"We live near one another, and it is very annoying. I don't know how to tell her to stop it without causing a row between the two families."

This imitation is a compliment, really, but I know that few women care for such compliments. If the writer's relative is sensible she ought to take a gentle hint without feeling hurt, but people who can't take hints have to be told outright.

We men don't have these problems. We don't mind much if we all look alike.

But a woman likes to be original and to express her individual tastes and character. The buying of a new hat is an adventure—often a spiritual necessity. People who have seen *Mrs. Miniver* will realise that.

Arnold Bennett once observed that woman is a species of which every one is a variety. If this be true, the standardised appearance of women in the Services must have a repressing influence. So also must the rationing of clothes.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

When a young lady reported for munitions work she was sent to a town 100 miles away, only to be sent back home within two days as being medically unfit. Surely it would have saved time, travel and expense had she been examined before leaving home.—G. Findler, Eldred Street, Carlisle.

★ ★ ★

Householders would use less electricity if the flat rate of quarterly payments was abolished. So long as they have to pay for what they don't burn, there will be no incentive to burn less.—J. Hulme, Bolton.

★ ★ ★

Members of a Royal Marine Bomb Disposal Squad, working hard at their dangerous job, are not entitled to draw "danger money" because their company is not yet up to strength!—"Red Tape," Exmouth.

Our ship put into a Scottish port because we were short of coal. We couldn't get coal owing to the docks being closed down for one week's holiday! Is there a war on?—"Engineer," Billingham-on-Tees.

★ ★ ★

Fire-watchers in our road recently put out incendiaries in record time. Proud they were until mandarins from H.Q. complained that they had "mishandled the situation," because they had not sent in proper reports. We thought putting out the bombs was more important.—N. C., "Northern Town."

★ ★ ★

Surprising to meet prisoners of war strolling along our country lanes without supervision. Easy for them to overpower passers-by, change clothes and escape.—F. Wood, Rugby.

Give your family the meal-time drink that is a food as well
The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your regular meal-time drink.
Rowntree's Cocoa makes every meal go further

LAST LAUGH

O. J. (Ringwood). — "The lecturer traced the history of the hat back a thousand years." He sounds a useful fellow. We wonder if he would take up the comparatively simple case of our umbrella missing since last March.

W. K. (Kenton). — "Germans are punished for listening to B.B.C. programmes." In this country there is no punishment for listening to B.B.C. programmes—at least no other punishment.

M. K. (Huddersfield). — "People who knit are generally good-tempered." It is impossible to be a successful knitter if you continually lose your wool.

P. I. (Hendon).—"Nowadays very few people go to a doctor when troubled with a cough." They go to the theatre and trouble other people with it.

S. G. (Gillingham). — "This country remains calm. There is no feeling of unrest." There may be a little later on, though, when men get into their winter Utility undies.

T. D. (Manningtree).—"When I am aroused I could face up to a lion." See letter below.

Mrs. D. (Manningtree). — "My husband was really angry, but his temper soon gave way to alarm when a rat ran between his legs." See letter above.

Miss G. (Melton Mowbray).—"A short time ago I attended a large women's meeting." Why weren't the small ones admitted?

J. F. (Chippenham). — "Last week I spoke to a girl who had two quite distinct voices." The girl we heard on the telephone the other day hadn't even one.

INVENTOR (Brookwood).—"I have a new idea for barbed-wire entanglements." We can't make out whether your letter illustrates the idea or is meant to describe it.

E. R. (Basingstoke).—"I have good grounds for thinking that, as a saxophone player, I am out on my own." That's where you ought to be, anyway.

B U. (Maida Vale).—"When seeing friends off at the station my coat caught in a carriage door and I was dragged to the end of the platform before I wrenched myself free." And then wags began asking whether your journey was really necessary?

D. H. (Warlingham). — "The sergeant put his head in the door of our hut and asked if there were any musicians amongst us, but nobody answered." You had all heard the one about musical recruits being detailed to move the piano.

OLD BILL WITH THE AMERICANS

"No, sir, it's not the reinforcements. Only War Correspondents and a couple of Movie Outfits"

Side-Slips

DAILY TELEGRAPH: "Mr. and Mrs. —— were received by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace yesterday, when Mr. —— was INVESTIGATED with the insignia of a C.V.O."

TORQUAY HERALD AND EXPRESS: "In response to a request made by the vicar through the *Herald and Express*, COSSACKS and surplices were loaned by the Vicar of ——."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS: "Immediately she DIED over the side to join her friend."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST.—"... a twenty-two-years-old girl from Aberdare, is doing work which demands a high DEPRESS of skill."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST.—"Mr. ——, of Hull, judges the Ministry of Food's BREAK-baking competitions."

WESTERN EVENING HERALD.—"The egg has three YOKES."

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. . . . . both hands free for steering or signalling. Ease with safety, in and out of traffic. A simple backward pressure *with the foot* and you brake SAFELY in a second.

No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

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Don't use light unless you must —and remember

MAZDA LAMPS

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Made in England by The British Thomson-Houston Company Limited

GREATEST OF THESE

● "It is quite clear to me that his means are piteously small and that any help you can give will be well expended," writes the vicar of the parish where Thomas Sykes lives.

This man served in France with the Royal Engineers from October, 1939, being discharged medically unfit in February, 1941. He has had a severe nervous breakdown and has only just left a convalescent home. Mr. Sykes is still too poorly to look for work, and he and his wife are struggling to exist on a very small income, out of which 10s. rent, and 3s. 6d. insurance has to be paid.

He badly needs good, nourishing food and a long rest, free from financial worry before he can hope to earn his living again.

Will readers, in happier circumstances, send a donation earmarked "Sapper," or for our General Fund,* addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. We tender our sincere thanks to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,340

FIRST PRIZE £50

C. Lister, 16, Axholme Road, Doncaster, for this "Bullet":

SPIT AND POLISH POSTPONE UNTIL "VICTORY PARADE"!

£20 Second Prize: F. Knighton, 33, Wellfield Rd., Preston.
Before We Retire—Everybody's "Fireside" Blade "Safe."

£10 Third Prize: C. H. Simms, 39, Surrey Rd., Reading.
Winter's Coming, So—"Read" Motor Tea, Bookworms!

£5: Opl. D. Mackay, 23, Cambridge St., Wolverton, Bucks.
Beautiful Nature—Gives "Stoss"—Destroys "Bumps."

£4: G. Ryder, 26, Helen St., Lower Broughton, Salford.
Patriotism—Plus "Punch"—Points! Poise!

£3: S. S. Parfitt, 49, Allen St., Mountain Ash
At Sea—"Wolves"—Watch Your "Trap"!

£2: J. Hunter, 59, New Rd., Llanelly.
Dad Dog For Victory, But—Produced Rookery—And Food!

20s.: L. Thorpe, 204, Manchester Rd., Denton, Manchester.
In India—Britons Stand—Britain's "Rock"

20s.: Pte. J. E. Hurley, 9 Platoon, C Coy., No. 41 T.C., Somewhere-in-Britain.
Dad Dog For Victory, But—Not Even *War* Sign!

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Spit And Polish—And Retreat—Sandhurst Syllabus?

20s.: F. W. Arnold, 2, Matherley Villas, Cheltenham.
Beautiful Nature—And Sonny, "Overkid" Please!

20s.: W. Bartrop, 2, James St., Worksop.
Spit And Polish—Before "Dole" With Tom-cat!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT IN XWORD 292

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CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
1 MAKES IT EASIER TO KEEP WATCH	CHAI			
2 ON INVASION, STOUT RESISTANCE WILL BE PUT UP BY THESE TROOPS	LO AL			
3 CARE SHOULD BE TAKEN WHEN THIS IS TAKEN UP AND STORED	COR			
4 ONE SHOULD AVOID READING THINGS IN SUCH A LIGHT	G IM			
5 IS INTERESTED IN MURDER CASES	CROW			
6 MOST MEN JOINED HOME GUARD IN ORDER TO GET	UN			
7 PRESENTABLE GIRL SHOULD HAVE LITTLE DIFFICULTY GETTING SUCH WORK	CHOR S			
8 THIS NAME IS SOMETIMES RATHER PRETENTIOUS	COU T			
9 NAME IS SOMETIMES PRODUCED BY	O G			
10 MIGHT PROVE COSTABLE TO JAPANESE COMMANDER'S ADVANCE	CHIN			
11 DICTATORS GETTING OUT TO DO THIS DON'T SUPPOSED TO BE TACTFUL	R LE			
12 IS APT TO DAMAGE YOUR CASE	BLO			
13 ON SOME OCCASIONS PEOPLE ARE WARNED AGAINST THESE	FI ES			
14 THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH SCHOOL-BOY WHO DOESN'T ENJOY THIS	CHEE			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Oct. 17.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No..... MONDAY, OCT. 5

Signed .....

Address.....

296

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated October 24, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES Value over £200 for 'BULLETS'

FIRST PRIZE - £50 CASH

Others-£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20 of 10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 MERIT AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE WIRE—FRIDAY, OCT. 16

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below.

VICTORY'S THE GOAL AND
WAR-TIME MIRACLE
ANOTHER YEAR
DEEDS, NOT WORDS
GENERAL WINTER
TO PLEASE THE SERGEANT
BITTER BATTLE
GOOD THINGS OF LIFE
PROVIDED
ONCE BEFORE
SHOWS HE'S A WINNER

BULLETS 1,340 RESULT (opposite) on page 14

WHAT WE DO
STRONGER THAN EVER
OF NO IMPORTANCE
ONLY NATURAL
RAISED OUR HOPES
PART-TIME JOB
TO KEEP GOING
AT THE PRICE
DAD'S PLAN FOR PEACE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word in the position indicated by dotted line.

POWER OF THE.....
NO MORE.....
LISTEN TO.....AND
HITTING AT.....
BEGINNING TO.....
IN CASE OF.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated October 17.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark 1,344 Monday, Oct. 5.

Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,344—or Xword No. 296, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Think in-STEAD

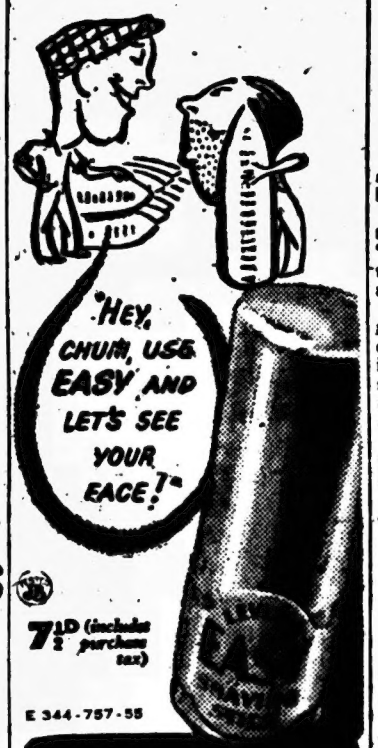
USE STEAD RAZOR BLADES

Don't let Colds develop

Home Made Cough Mixture That Nips Them in the Bud

Here is the recipe for a simple but very effective medicine you can make up now and keep ready for a dose at the first cough or sneeze.

Directions: Heat half a pint of water, to which you add one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any of the following: a little sugar, or syrup, or juice from jam or tinned fruit. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day; for children, use a teaspoon. You can get a 1 oz. bottle of Parmint (Double Strength) at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.



7½D (includes purchase tax)

E 344-757-55

EASY

SHAVING STICK

GOOD FOR MORE THAN 100 SHAVES

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

Read This If You Love Your Child

Many mothers actually risk their children's health without realising it—by giving them harsh laxatives to take.

What you should do instead is, give the marvellous "natural" laxative 'California Syrup of Figs.' Child specialists advise it whenever children are out of sorts.

For 'California Syrup of Figs' is a delicious laxative, so natural, yet so certain. Children love it. And what it does is beyond belief. That pale, sickly look vanishes. Energy and life return and your child is well and rosy cheeked again.

Insist on 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere. Get some to-day.

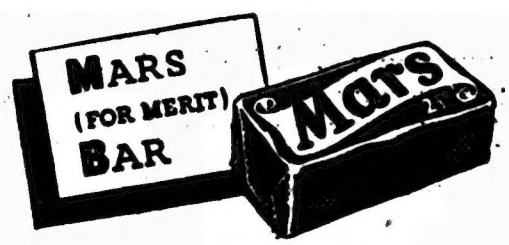
SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill-feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' to-day and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity), *Including Purchase Tax.* Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½ *(Including Purchase Tax).* Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

M.B's. have to be won, of course

Youngsters who collect salvage, dig and save for Victory, deserve every encouragement. And since there can't be enough Mars Bars to go round, you will want to put those you *do* get to good use. So let the kiddies know that, from now on, Mars are strictly reserved for work warranting the award of a Mars (for Merit) Bar.



THE OLIVE OIL SHAVE

CHANGES INTO JARS

(Owing to metal shortage)

Metal is more important to the war effort than it is to Palmolive. For in its new jar it will still be Palmolive — the *olive oil* Shaving Cream.

Multiplies itself 250 times in lather. Softens the beard in 1 minute. Maintains its creamy fulness for [illegible] minutes. Its spring bristles hold bristles erect for shaving. Its olive oil content braces and tones the skin.

[redacted] 1/6 and 2/6 including Tax [redacted]

Germolene

ANTISEPTIC OINTMENT

Will HEAL IT - Clean!

Dear Sirs,
My little boy developed a terrible rash all over his body, the irritation was awful. Then suddenly I thought of GERMOLENE. Within a week he was cured, and thanks to GERMOLENE he is a happy little fellow again.
Mrs. R. T., Ripley.

Germolene is good for all kinds of skin troubles such as Eczema, Skin Rash, Inflammation, Irritation, Leg Trouble, Cuts, Burns, Wounds. It soothes at a touch and ends irritation instantly.

Sold Everywhere 1/4 & 2/3 Per Tin

Germoloids Price 1/6 per box from all chemists

If your feet hurt — get CRO-PAX

Whatever your trouble, there are 20 scientifically designed CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS to bring you instant relief and a speedy cure. No need to suffer any longer.

CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS

are within the reach of all, from 2d. to 10d. each. Obtainable from BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES, all chemists . . . and all WOOLWORTHS STORES.

SPLENDOR LTD.
Nottingham & London
C24

Price for Packet 10p. (Inc. P.T.)

SCO

The Magic Coke Cleaning Powder

CLEANS COOKERS

Sco removes hard baked on grease from ovens, burners, shelves, grids, etc., without scouring or scrubbing. Sco is effective, speedy, efficient, economical. No messy mixtures.

Bottles 7½d.
Large Tins 10½d.

Vital Iron

Without iron none of us could live. For the nation, the need of iron is no less vital, because the development of Britain's fighting strength demands iron, iron, and still more iron. So keep always in mind that every pound of 'scrap' you can salvage will help to bring nearer the day of victory.

Issued by the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., who ask your indulgence, in regard to any difficulty you may have in obtaining 'Iron Jelloids' which, for the time being, are available only in limited quantities of the 1/4 size. Price includes Purchase Tax.

Here's a food that's STILL LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

THE 5-STAR

5D PER QTR. LB.

★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
★ IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER
★ PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
★ AID TO DIGESTION
★ VITAMIN B₁—VITAL TO HEALTH

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